THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. VI.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HUDIBRAS,

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the TIME of the LATE WARS.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

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PART III.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The knight and ſquire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the lady's bower,
The ſquire t' inform, the knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a maſquerade,
By furies, and hobgoblins made:
From which the ſquire conveys the knight,
And ſteals him, from himſelf, by night.

'TIS true, no lover has that pow'r
T'enforce a deſperate amour,
As he that has two ſtring's to's bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his ſuit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And ſteer againſt the ſtream, their paſſions:

Some forge their miſtreſſes of ſtars;
And when the ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the ſtars for doing
Ill offices, to croſs their wooing;
When only by themſelves they're hind'red,
For truſting thoſe they made her kindred;
And ſtill, the harſher and hide-bounder
The damſels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling ſtreams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elyſium,
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the knight would be no news,
With all mankind ſo much in uſe;
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his amours,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.

15 *And more*, &c.] Caligula was one of the emperors of Rome, ſon of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs paſs for a god, and had the heads of the ancient ſtatues of the gods taken off, and his own placed on in their ſtead, and uſed to ſtand between the ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux to be worſhipped, and often bragged of lying with the moon.

No ſooner was the bloody fight,
Between the wizard and the knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t'a lover:
As he was always wont to do
When h'had diſcomfited a foe;
And us'd the only antique philtres,
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a conqueror to meddle
With petty conſtable or beadle;
Or fly for refuge to the hoſteſs
Of th' inns of court and chancery, Juſtice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cauſe
To th' ordeal trial of the laws;
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as bran'ed
With red-hot irons have paſs'd bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verſe
I' th' pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a ſhame the devil might owe him,

43 *And us'd*, &c.] Philtres were love potions, reported to be much in queſt in former ages; but our true knight-errant hero made uſe of no other but what his noble atchievements by his ſword produced.

52 *To th' ordeal*, &c.] Ordeal trials were, when ſuppoſed criminals, to diſcover their innocence, went over ſeveral red hot coulter-irons. Theſe were generally ſuch whoſe chaſtity was ſuſpected, as the veſtal virgins, &c.

Reſolv'd to leave the ſquire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the jail,
To anſwer, with his veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal;
And thought it now the fitteſt juncture
To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conqueſt o'er the fierce magician:
Deſcribe the manner of the fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away;
His bloody ſcourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief h'had done the deed.
Which he reſolv'd t'enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his ſoul to ſwear;
But rather than produce his back,
To ſet his conſcience on the rack;
And in purſuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And perſon, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies hearts in fights;
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd:
But when their bones were drubb'd ſo ſore
They durſt not wooe one combat more,

The ladies hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
So Spaniſh heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies fancies;
And he acquires the nobleſt ſpouſe
That widows greateſt herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who've quell'd ſo vaſt a buffalo?
Mean while the ſquire was on his way,
The knight's late orders to obey:
Who ſent him for a ſtrong detachment
Of beadles, conſtables, and watchmen,
T'attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falſely on his lumber;
When he who had ſo lately ſack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd:
And when they ſhould, at goal-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough,
To render neither halter-proof:

93. *So Spaniſh heroes*, &c.] The young Spaniards ſignalized their valour before the Spaniſh ladies at bull-baſts, which often prov'd very hazardous, and ſometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild bull, kept up on purpoſe, and let looſe at the combatant; and he that kills moſt, carries the laurel, and dwells higheſt in the ladies favour.

He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be acceſſary;
But rather wiſely ſlip his fetters,
And leave them for the knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the riding diſpenſation.
And therefore much about the hour
The knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of juſtice, and an unpack'd jury;
The ſquire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame trim;
T' acquaint the lady what h'had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out:
His firm and ſtedfaſt reſolution,
To ſwear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himſelf to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party ſaints to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing,
In any proſperous arms-bearing,

137 *To pawn*, &c.] His *exterior ears* were gone before, and ſo out of danger; but by *inward ears* is here meant his conſcience.

To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other couſin-german ſaint.
But ere the knight could do his part,
The ſquire had got ſo much the ſtart,
H'had to the lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his report,
The knight alighted in the court;
And having ty'd his beaſt t'a pale,
And taken time for both to ſtale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The ſprucer, to accoſt and board her:
And now began t'approach the door,
When ſhe, wh'had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of ſight,
And went to entertain the knight:
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and ſubmiſſive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He ſtrok'd his beard, and thus he ſaid.
Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the ſhadow of your ſhoe-tie:
And now am come, to bring your ear
A preſent you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo. The thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the ſun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine to my ſmart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy back,
As if he felt his ſhoulders ake.

But ſhe who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The myſtery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions, leſs profound.
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've ſuffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd ſkin;
And, for thoſe meritorious laſhes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted ſconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour,
And, for my ſake and ſervice, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a ſcruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love.
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourſelf, not me, to know.
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs,
You're honeſter than I could gueſs.
Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath:
And if you make a queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my ſoul that I have don't;
And he that makes his ſoul his ſurety,
I think does give the beſt ſecur'ty.
Quoth ſhe, Some ſay, the ſoul's ſecure
Againſt diſtreſs and forfeiture;

Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other world's illegal here.
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For moſt men carry things ſo even
Between this world, and hell, and heav'n,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in altogether;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their ſouls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles.
For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,
They may b' accountable in all.
For when there is that intercourſe
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience ev'ry where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As ſouls in pawn, and mortgage paſt:
For oaths are th' only teſts and ſeals
Of right and wrong, and true and falſe:
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, What is it you would ſwear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till they're underſtood, all tales
(Like nonſenſe) are not true nor falſe.

Quoth he, When I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded t'other day,
And to perform my exerciſe,
(As ſchools are wont,) for your fair eyes:
T' avoid all ſcruples in the caſe,
I went to do't upon the place.
But as the caſtle is inchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil ſpirits, as you know,
Who took my ſquire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable noiſe,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch and ſtrip,
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy ribs of ſkin,
To expiate thy ling'ring ſin.
Th' haſt broke perfidiouſly thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth;
But ſpar'd thy renegado back,
When th' hadſt ſo great a prize at ſtake:
Which now the fates have order'd me
For penance and revenge to flay,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte.
Time is, time was: And there it ceas'd.
With which, though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' horror of the thing was leſs

252 *Loud as*, &c.] A ſpeaking trumpet, by which the voice may be heard at a very great diſtance, very uſeful at ſea.

Than th' other diſmal apprehenſion
Of interruption or prevention:
And therefore ſnatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no fleſh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and ſtrength,
I felt the blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative bardaſhing:
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my guard and ſcout,
I found th' infernal cunning man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With ſcourges (like the furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſte I ſnatched my weapon up,
And gave their helliſh rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageouſly on Sidrophel:
Who, now transform'd himſelf t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud, and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run;
Laid hold on him; but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a gooſe,

276 *As if th' had*, &c.] This alludes to ſome abject lechers, who uſed to be diſciplined with amorous laſhes by their miſtreſſes.

Div'd under water in a pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal haſte and rage,
His under-ſorcerer t' engage.
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My ſword with feeble blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted ſtick,
With which I furiouſly laid on;
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir:
I am too great a ſufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe caprich:
Who ſends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houſes in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geeſe with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for inchantment paſs;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choak with fumes of Guiney pepper;
Make letchers and their punks with dewtry
Commmit fantaſtical advowtry;
Betwitch Hermetic men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with manicon;

323 *Bewitch Hermetic men*, &c.] Hermes Triſmegiſtus,

Believe mechanic virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em mountains in Potoſi;
And, ſillier than the antique fools,
Take treaſure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with ſignatures,
To quack of univerſal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glaſs,
Make people on their heads to paſs:
And mighty heaps of coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece:
To draw in fools, whoſe nat'ral itches
Incline perpetually to witches;
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears:
When leſs delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn

an Egyptian philoſopher, and ſaid to have lived *anno mundi* 2076, in the reign of Ninus, after Moſes. He was a wonderful philoſopher, and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things; and was the author of ſeveral moſt excellent and uſeful inventions. But thoſe Hermetic men here mentioned, though the pretended ſectators of this great man, are nothing elſe but a wild and extravagant ſort of enthuſiaſts, who make a hodgepodge of religion and philoſophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of ev'ry conſidering perſon's contempt.

326 *Potoſi*] Potoſi is a city of Peru, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the fineſt ſilver in all the Indies.

About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the ſad puniſhment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for pultrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who when they flaſh and cut to pieces,
Do all with civileſt addreſſes:
Their horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his fleſh, and preſs'd him
About the witch with many a queſtion.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking trade in love;
Employ'd in all th'intrigues and truſt
Of feeble, ſpeculative luſt;
Procurer to th'extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By thoſe the devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b'ing a virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent moſt adroit
For any myſtical exploit;
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one.
For one predicting pimp has th'odds
Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get;
For thoſe that do his bus'neſs beſt,

In hell are us'd the ruggedeſt;
Before ſo meriting a perſon
Could get a grant, but in reverſion,
He ſerv'd two 'prenticeſhips, and longer,
I'th'myſtery of a lady-monger.
For (as ſome write) a witch's ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the body loos'd,
Becomes a puny imp itſelf,
And is another's witch's elf.
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h'has play'd a thouſand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats:
Transform'd himſelf to th'ugly ſhapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes;
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards could their ſwitches,
And all with whom h'has had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous figures too.
Witneſs myſelf, whom h'has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and peaſe,
He crams in naſty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me reliſh for diſſerts,
And one by one, with ſhame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beſide-----But as h'was running on,
To tell what other feats he had done,
The lady ſtopt his full career,

And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half thoſe things, ſaid ſhe, be true,——
They're all, quoth he, I ſwear by you;
Why then, ſaid ſhe, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to th'pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In queſt of you came hither poſt,
Within an hour, I'm ſure, at moſt;
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you ſhould carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T'engage the devil on your ſide
And ſteal (like Proſerpine) your bride.
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a deſign and baſe,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian,
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h'had time to mount his guard;
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruiſe and deſp'rate wound:
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his houſe,
And ſtole his Taliſmanique louſe,
And all his new-found old inventions;
With flat felonious intentions:
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid;
His flea, his morpion, and puneſe,

H'had gotten for his proper eaſe,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th'ableſt artiſt of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h'had got ſufficient warrant
To ſeize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horſe's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To ſerve for pendulums to watches,
Which modern virtuoſos ſay,
Incline to hanging ev'ry way.
Beſide he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That ere he went in queſt of you,
He ſet a figure to diſcover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that paſs'd before and ſince;
And found, that e'er you cam 'to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb,
About a caſe of tender conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own ſenſe;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had cleared all ſcruples in the caſe;
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own

Whatever's by the wicked done,
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The ſervice of his gifts and light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him by main force,
To ſcourge his ribs inſtead of yours;
But that he ſtood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring out-dar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the lady talk'd, the knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white,
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't.)
He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Caſt towards the door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and ſpoke.
Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle circumſtance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes ſwallow down
This veſſel, that is all your own;
Or may the heav'ns fall, and cover
Theſe reliques of your conſtant lover.
You have provided well, quoth ſhe,
(I thank you,) for yourſelf and me;
And ſhewn your preſbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jeſuits,
A moſt compendious way and civil,

At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heav'n and hell, yourſelves, and thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then, quoth he, may hell ſurpriſe——
That trick, ſaid ſhe, will not paſs twice:
Iv'e learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your ſleeve.
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright ſwearing:
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are viſible as yet,
Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of niceſt ſcruples in the action.
And if you can produce thoſe knobs,
Although they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral ſelf had done't.
Provided that they paſs th' opinion
Of able juries of old women;
Who us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do ſo for backs.

Madam, youth he, your love's a million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power
T' obey, what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds from taking air:
For wounds in thoſe that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth ſhe, my goods and chattles
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles:
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word
You paſs'd in heav'n on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted treaſon here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n;
And that's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe.
Their buſineſs there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous to abide
To be againſt its nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd:
And like the ſoul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;

Like Roman gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the priſoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'ſt lover
Gives beſt ſecurity, to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the reſt of better or worſe,
Both are but loſers out of purſe.
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e're was driv'n,
Or wager laid at ſix and ſeven?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their childrens tenants ere they're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And gen'ral club of all the nation:

For which she's fortify'd no less
Than all the island with four seas:
Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,
In ready insolence and pow'r:
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent;
To give the cheats, the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckl'd.
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles, to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,

603 *More wretched*, &c.] Villainage was an antient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords.

Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horſes
Their ſpiritual judges of divorces;
While nothing elſe, but *rem in re*
Can ſet the proudeſt wretches free;
A ſlavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As ſpiders never ſeek the fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply;
So men are by themſelves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a nooſe,
They'd break 'em after, to break looſe.
As ſome whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themſelves by art,
Like Indian widows, gone to bed
In flaming curtains to the dead;
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the ſport.
Nor do the ladies want excuſe
For all the ſtratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the ſet,
And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean ſoul

639 *Like Indian widows*, &c.] The Indian women, richly attired, are carried in a ſplendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile, where the bodies of their deceaſed huſbands are to be conſumed, and there voluntarily throw themſelves into it, and expire; and ſuch as refuſe, their virtue is ever after ſuſpected, and they live in the utmoſt contempt.

647 *For as the Pythagorean*, &c.] It was the opinion

Runs through all beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
And has a ſmack of ev'ry one;
So love does, and has ever done.
And therefore though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the patient firſt,
That after burns with cold as much
As ir'n in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of deſire,
Like glaſs, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover.
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by miſs, or madam,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery;
And off the loud oaths go, but while
They're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate maintenance:
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Truſt none again, till th'have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geeſe they carry;
And ere they venture o'er a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.

of Pythagoras and his followers, that the ſoul tranſmigrated (as they termed it) into all the divers ſpecies of animals, and ſo was differently diſpoſed and affected, according to their different natures and conſtitutions.

Whence witti'ſt ladies always chuſe
To undertake the heavieſt gooſe.
For now the world is grown ſo wary,
That few of either ſex dare marry,
But rather truſt on tick t'amours,
The croſs and pile for bett'r or worſe:
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and faſhionable.
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In ſoul and body two unite,
To make up one hermaphrodite:
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a ſhilling,
Th' have more punctilio's and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagancies,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes 'ſpouſe the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous picques;
Which th' ancients wiſely ſignify'd,
By th' yellow mantua's of the bride:
For jealouſy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the miſchief is, the doubt
On whoſe account they firſt broke out.

For though Chineſes go to bed,
And lie in, in their ladies ſtead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
Our green-men do it worſe, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another:
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and ſickneſs b'ing all one,
Which both before engag'd to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worſhip, only when they're ſound,
Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe wares:
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At women by appearances;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions;
And daub their tempers o'er with waſhes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear, under vizor-maſks, their talents
And mother-wits, before their gallants;

707 *For though Chineſes*, &c.] The Chineſe men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nurſed and tended with as much care as women here, and are ſupplied with the beſt ſtrengthening and nouriſhing diet, in order to qualify them for future ſervices.

Until they're hamper'd in the nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the bride,
That with her wedding-cloaths undreſſes
Her complaiſance and gentileſſes:
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The government from th' eaſy owner:
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her ſlave;
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal noiſe and ſcolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all protcullices of ears,
And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern ſhields too ſtrong;
When only arm'd with noiſe and nails,
The female ſilk-worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into rams and goats,
Like Sirens with their charming notes;
Sweet as a ſcreech-owl's ſerenade,
Or thoſe inchanting murmurs made

751 *Transform 'em into rams*, &c.] The Sirens, according to the poets, were three ſea-monſters, half women and half fiſh. Their names were Parthenope, Ligea, and Leucoſia. Their uſual reſidence was about the iſland of Sicily; where, by the charming melody of their voices, they uſed to detain thoſe that heard them, and then transformed them into ſome ſort of brute animals.

By th' huſband mandrake and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.
Quoth he, Theſe reaſons are but ſtrains
Of wanton, over-heated brains,
Which ralliers, in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not man in Paradiſe,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his ſide,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruited ſex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and leſſen
The pains and labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd up paps appears.
His body, that ſtupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In ſhape and ſymmetry exact,
Of which the left and female ſide
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch art,
That nothing elſe but death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world ſurpriſe,

755 *By the huſband mandrake*, &c.] Naturaliſts report, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a ſort of murmuring noiſe.

That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other ladies tawny;
Thoſe raviſhing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half-faces,
That in a mathematic line,
Like thoſe in other heavens, join.
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon.
And ſo would that ſweet bud your lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.
Our nobleſt ſenſes act by pairs,
Two eyes to ſee, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the ſoul deſign'd;
But thoſe that ſerve the body alone,
Are ſingle, and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' equinoctial fit;
And ſo are all the works of nature
Stamp'd with her ſignature on matter:
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or ſmalleſt blade of graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How 'ntirely marriage is her care,
The only method that ſhe uſes,
In all the wonders ſhe produces.
And thoſe that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.

797 *The world is but two parts*, &c.] The equinoctial divides the globe into north and ſouth.

For what ſecures the civil life
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry.
So univerſal, all mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind.
For in what ſtupid age, or nation,
Was ever marriage out of faſhion?
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Or cloiſter'd friars, and veſtal nuns;
Or ſtoics, who, to bar the freaks
And looſe exceſſes of the ſex,
Prepoſt'rouſly wou'd have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.
Though men would find ſuch mortal feuds
In ſharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're ſupply'd with now by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their cloaths,
As beaſts do, of their native growths:

819 *Unleſs among the Amazons*, &c.] The Amazons were women of Scythia, of heroic and great atchievements. They ſuffered no man to live among them, but once every year uſed to have converſation with men of the neighbouring countries; by which, if they had a male child they preſently either killed or crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the uſe of arms, and burnt off one breaſt, leaving the other to ſuckle girls.

For ſimple wearing of their horns,
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t'inherit,
Unleſs the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents ſettlements;
Had been but younger ſons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or eſtates of peers
Cou'd be preſerv'd, but by their heirs;
And what ſecurity maintains
Their right and title, but the banes?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt monarchs did not marry,
And with their conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt intereſts of ſtate?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to diſarm?
Make blood and deſolation ceaſe,
And fire and ſword unite in peace,
When all their fierce conteſts for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Leſs for the int'reſts of the bride;
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T'as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant, unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts to all mankind.

All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron and the miſs;
The nymphs of chaſte Diana's train,
The ſame with thoſe in Lewkner's lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes;
Beſides, the joys of place and birth,
The ſex's paradiſe on earth;
A privilege ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door.
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the ſpouſe;
The reaſon is, becauſe the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is truſted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful nature.
Where man brings nothing but the ſtuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of:
Who therefore, in a ſtrait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,

865 *The nymphs of chaſte Diana's*, &c.] Diana's nymphs, all of them vow'd perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact obſervation of their vow.

866 *Lewkner's lane.*] Some years ago, ſwarmed with notoriouſly laſcivious and profligate ſtrumpets.

877 *The reaſon is*, &c.] Demanding the clergy of her belly, which, for the reaſons aforeſaid, is pleaded in excuſe by thoſe who take the liberty to oblige themſelves and friends.

And make it ſave her the ſame way,
It ſeldom miſſes to betray:
Unleſs both parties wiſely enter
Into the liturgy indenture.
And though ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt;
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady ſuffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve.
For as, in running, ev'ry pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before, and win the poſt;
Yet when they're at their race's ends,
They're ſtill as kind and conſtant friends,
And to relieve their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe alarms of ſtrife
Between the huſband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love:
When thoſe wh'are always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt clamours more,
Than as they're reliſh'd, ſweet or ſour:
Like muſic, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all amours a lover burns,
With frowns, as well as ſmiles, by turns:
And hearts have been as oft with ſullen,
As charming looks, ſurpris'd and ſtolen.

Then why ſhould more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For diſcords make the ſweeteſt airs,
And curſes are a kind of pray'rs;
Too ſlight alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of love perpetual;
An act and deed, that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And paſſes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and regiſter'd above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knots of vows,
Which nothing elſe but death can looſe.
And what ſecurity's too ſtrong,
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to paſs
Itſelf away, and all it has;
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for th' heaven of a lover?
I grant, quoth ſhe, there are ſome few
Who take that courſe, and find it true:
But millions whom the ſame does ſentence
To heaven, b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but ſhot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon more blind events,
Than gameſters, when they play a ſet
With greateſt cunning at piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight, unſeen.

For what do lovers, when they're faſt
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking children are by elves?
And if they uſe their perſons ſo,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecſtaſies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And, *all my wordly goods*----but ſpoke;
(The formal livery and ſeiſin
That puts a lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam, that's ſuperſeded.
To that their faith is ſtill made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once reſign our pow'rs,
W'have nothing left we can call ours;
Our money's now become the miſs
Of all your lives and ſervices,
And we forſaken, and poſtpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y'at firſt gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heireſs yet,
By being born to lordſhips, get?
When the more lady ſhe's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners,

Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a special grace,
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all th'inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at *Beste* and *L'Ombre* woo,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteelly bred
At sucking of a vizard-bead;

How beſt t' accoſt us in all quarters,
T' our queſtion-and-command new garters;
And ſolidly to diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of dreſſes *pro* and *con*.
For there's no myſtery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made.
And when you have more debts to pay,
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way poſſible to do't
But love, and oaths, and reſtleſs ſuit,
To us y' apply, to pay the ſcores
Of all your cully'd, paſt amours:
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which other influences long ſince
Have charm'd your noſes with, and ſhins;
For which the ſurgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages inchant!
What graces muſt that lady have,
That can from execution ſave!
What charms, that can reverſe extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *ſcire facias!*
From bonds and ſtatutes can diſcharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt excellencies
Of all your true or falſe pretences.
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear,
As much t' an hoſteſs-dowager,

Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of pots of beer, and bottled ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would ſoon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a candle in the ſocket,
Diſſolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haſte with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder.
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as feeely on his ſkin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as aſhes, or a clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his ſide,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But ſhe who ſaw in what a taking
The knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm reſolv'd to break no right

Of hoſpitality t' a ſtranger,
But to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here myſelf ſtand centinel,
To guard this paſs 'gainſt Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt men turn tail;
And bravely ſcorn to turn their backs
Upon the deſp'rateſt attacks.
At this the knight grew reſolute
As Ironſide, or Hardiknute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to ſally.
But ſhe beſought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambuſh on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door;
That if the enemy ſhould enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Mean while they knock'd againſt the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The lady for a freſh reſerve.
His duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſh' had order'd execute:

1086 *As Ironſide, or Hardiknute*, &c.] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a paſs,
To ſtand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageouſly invaded;
And having enter'd, barricado'd;
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a table;
Where he lay down in ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect the arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had ſtorm'd;
And after ent'ring, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore ſent out all his ſenſes,
To bring him in intelligences;
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Miſtake, for falling in a trance;
But thoſe that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of fancy:

1131 *But thoſe that trade in geomancy*, &c.] *The Laplond Magi.* The Laplanders are an idolatrous people, far north; and it is very credibly reported, by authors

In which the Lapland Magi deal,*
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,
And ſtorm'd the outworks of his fortreſs.
And as another of the ſame
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the ſame cauſe had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thruſt
His head a ſpan beyond his poſt,
B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers
Was dragg'd through a window by th' ears;
So he was ſerv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd ſcorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They ſtoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his ſcouts came int' his aid.
For when a man is paſt his ſenſe,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears and noſe,
Or laying on of heavy blows;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot ir'ns proceed.

and perſons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible, by what is vulgarly called magic.

1158 *To burning with*, &c.] An alluſion to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c.

No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his neck a ſturdy elf
Clapt in a trice his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof.
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B'our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethrens privilege (againſt
The wicked) on themſelves, the ſaints,
Has here thy wretched carcaſe ſent,
For juſt revenge and puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open free confeſſion;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray
And filch the lady's heart away?
To ſpirit her to matrimony?——
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' inchantment of her riches,
That made m'apply t'your croney witches;
That in return wou'd pay th' expence,
The wear-and-tear of conſcience:
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didſt thou not love her then? ſpeak true.——
No more, quoth he, than I love you.
How would'ſt th' have us'd her and her money?——
Firſt turn'd her up to alimony;
And laid her dow'ry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,

Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpoſe, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in truſt, or private love.
What made thee pick and chuſe her out
T' employ their ſorceries about?----
That which makes gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thyſelf to us?-----
I ſee you take me for an aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would paſs
Upon a woman well enough,
As't has been often found by proof;
Whoſe humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For love approves of all they do
That ſtand for candidates, and woo.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful lies,
Of bears and witches in diſguiſe?----
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers.
And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b'a very few.
Beſide the danger of offence;
The fatal enemy of ſenſe.
Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed ſin,
Hypocriſy, to ſet up in?----

Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt calling,
The only ſaints-bell that rings all in;
In which all churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unleſs th'employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impow'r'd to rout,
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out;
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
For no ſin elſe among the ſaints
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy plighted vows?——
That which makes others break a houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more tricks,
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old, and out of faſhion,
Compar'd with your new reformation:
That we muſt come to ſchool to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourſelf an arrant chouſe,
If y'were but at a meeting-houſe.
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Becauſe w'have let 'em out by th'year.
Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in:

That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with th'angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy ſcholar in this myſtery;
And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some principles on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?------A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godlineſs?------Great gains.
What's tender conſcience?--------'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentleſt touch;
But breaking out, diſpatches more
Than th'epidemical'ſt plague-ſore.
What makes y'incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?-------To be paid.
What's orthodox and true believing
Againſt a conſcience?-------A good living.
What makes rebelling againſt kings
A good old cauſe?------Adminiſt'rings.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?------
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again?-------Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?--------Food and cloaths.
What laws and freedom, perſecution?----
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves?-----
A dean and chapter, and white ſleeves.

And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it orthodox?——Our own.
What makes morality a crime,
The moſt notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the ſaints
And wicked too cry out againſt?——
'Cauſe grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin:
And therefore no true ſaint allows
They ſhall be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe:
For ſaints can need no conſcience,
That with morality diſpenſe;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What's liberty of conſcience,
I'th'natural and genuine ſenſe?
'Tis to reſtore, with more ſecurity,
Rebellion to its ancient purity:
And Chriſtian liberty reduce
To th'elder practice of the Jews.
For a large conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none.
It is enough, quoth he, for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gives name to our Old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i'th'world for holineſs.
This ſaid, the furies and the light
In th'inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight;

And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of brimſtone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whoſe large command
Rules all the ſea, and half the land,
And over moiſt and crazy brains,
In high ſpring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the weſt,
To go to bed, and take her reſt;
When Hudibras, whoſe ſtubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that ſoft repoſe,
Lay ſtill expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor:
And though he ſhut his eyes as faſt,
As if h'had been to ſleep his laſt,
Saw all the ſhapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark;
Was firſt invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
Theſe trembling words, *Unhappy wretch*,
What haſt thou gotten by this fetch;
Or all thy tricks in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?
By ſaunt'ring ſtill on ſome adventure,
And growing to thy horſe a Centaur,

1321 *The Queen of Night*, &c.] The moon influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies; and perſons diſtempered in mind are called lunatics.

1344 *And growing to thy horſe*, &c.] The Centaurs were a people of Theſſaly, and ſuppoſed to be the firſt

To ſtuff thy ſkin with ſwelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For ſtill th' haſt had the worſt on't yet,
As well in conqueſt as defeat:
Night is the ſabbath of mankind,
To reſt the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpſe with ſleep.
The knight, who heard the words explain'd,
As meant to him this reprimand,
Becauſe the character did hit
Point-blank upon his caſe ſo fit;
Believ'd it was ſome drolling ſpright
That ſtaid upon the guard that night,
And one of thoſe h' had ſeen and felt
The drubs he had ſo freely dealt.
When, after a ſhort pauſe and groan,
The doleful ſpirit thus went on:
This 'tis t'engage with dogs and bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the ſtocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory:
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late diſaſters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic minded;

managers of horſes; and the neighbouring inhabitants, never having ſeen any ſuch thing before, fabulouſly reported them monſters, half men and half horſes.

And at a riding handled worſe,
With treats more ſlovenly and coarſe:
Engag'd with fiends in ſtubborn wars,
And hot diſputes with conjurers;
And when th' hadſt bravely won the day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thyſelf away.
(I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs elf
Would fain ſteal me too from myſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done)-----
And now but vent'ring to betray,
Haſt met with vengeance the ſame way.
Thought he, How does the devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long ſince;
And he knows nothing of the ſaints,
But what ſome treach'rous ſpy acquaints.
This is ſome pettifogging fiend,
Some under-door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond hand;
And now would paſs for ſpirit Po,
And all mens dark concerns foreknow,
I think I need not fear him for't;
Theſe rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And haſtily cry'd out, What art?----
A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the knight,
Thus far I'm ſure th'art in the right;

And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paultry, black-guard ſpright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou haſt no work to do in th' houſe,
Nor halfpenny to drop in ſhoes:
Without the raiſing of which ſum,
You dare not be ſo troubleſome,
To pinch the ſlatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'neſs, good Pug-Robin,
And your diverſion, dull dry bobbing,
T'entice fanatics in the dirt,
And waſh them clean in ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry jeſt you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
Sir, quoth the voice, y'are no ſuch ſophi,
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you deſign to weigh our talents,
I'th'ſtandard of your own falſe balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us ghoſts, as well as we do you:
We who have been the everlaſting
Companions of your drubs and baſting,

1423 *Sir, quoth the voice*, &c.] *Sophi* is at preſent the name of the kings of Perſia; not ſuperadded, as Pharaoch was to the kings of Egypt; but the name of the family itſelf, and religion of Hali, whoſe deſcendents by Fatima, Mahomet's daughter, took the name of Sophi.

And never left you in conteſt,
With male or female, man or beaſt,
But prov'd as true t'ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your ſquire.
Quoth he, That may be ſaid as true
By th'idleſt pug of all your crew.
For none could have betray'd us worſe
Than thoſe allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him for a token
To your low-country hogen-mogen,
To whoſe infernal ſhores I hope
He'll ſwing like ſkippers in a rope,
And if y'have been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th'ill-affected ſay of you,
Y'have ſpous'd the covenant and cauſe,
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir, quoth the voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the covenant;
But that no more concerns the cauſe,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for't.
And that's the reaſon cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

1454 *Wear wooden peccadillo's*, &c.] Peccadillos were ſtiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the ſhoulders, to pin the band, worn by perſons nice in dreſſing; but his wooden one is a pillory.

I ſee, quoth Hudibras, from whence
Theſe ſcandals of the ſaints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his ſect's,
Thoſe ſpider-ſaints that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' intrails of their heads.
Sir, quoth the voice, that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you;
Whoſe talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to,
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But muſt have armies rais'd to back
The goſpel-work you undertake;
As if artillery, and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to ſave ſouls.
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a claſſis, cannot ſentence
To ſtools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to deſign,
T'entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourſelves his betters too.
Hence 'tis poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,

1483 *Hence 'tis poſſeſſions*, &c.] Criminals in their indictments are charged with *not having the fear of God*

Which all the horrid'ſt actions done,
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs they help the elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore where he's beſt poſſeſs'd,
Acts moſt againſt his intereſt;
Surpriſes none but thoſe wh' have prieſts
To turn him out, and exorciſts,
Supply'd with ſpiritual proviſion,
And magazines of ammunition,
With croſſes, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, roſaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out ſalvation
By mere mechanic operation;
With holy water, like a ſluice,
To overflow all avenues.
But thoſe wh'are utterly unarm'd
T'oppoſe his entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurpriſe,
Although his falſeſt enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errants glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons, where you clap up ſouls:
Like under-keepers, turn the keys
T'your mittimus anathemas,

before their eyes, but being led by the inſtigation of the devil.

And never boggle to reſtore
The members you deliver o'er
Upon demand, with fairer juſtice
Than all your covenanting truſtees;
Unleſs to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſec'lar pow'rs,
And paſs their ſouls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame eſtate in mortgage twice:
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And for a groat unpaid that's due,
Diſtrain on ſoul and body too.
Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State prudence, to cajole the devil;
And not to handle him too rough,
When h'has us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your friends and ours:
That as you truſt us, in our way,
To raiſe your members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves, or drown,
Or frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a ſtory;

1521 *When to a legal utlegation*, &c.] When they return the excommunication into the chancery, there is iſſued out a writ againſt the perſon.

1524 *Diſtrain on ſoul*, &c.] Excommunication, which deprives men from being members of the viſible church, and formally delivers them up to the devil.

Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty intereſts of ſtate,
Laid out our ſpiritual gifts to further
Your great deſigns of rage and murther.
For if the ſaints are nam'd from blood,
We've only made that title good;
And if it were but in their pow'r,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a ſoul behind
Of all diſſenters of mankind.
Right, quoth the voice, and as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all theſe good kind offices,
I'll free you out of this diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in ſafety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone:
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the ſpirit grop'd about,
To find th' inchanted hero out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up;
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unſerviceable with kicks and blows
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Greſham carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe ſores,
In danger of relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its aid,
And up his ſinking veſſel weigh'd.

No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge:
The ſpirit hors'd him like a ſack,
Upon the vehicle, his back;
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With ſome few rubs againſt the wall.
Where finding out the poſtern lock'd,
And th' avenues as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, ſtorm'd the glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the paſs;
Through which he dragg'd the worſted ſoldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and ſhoulders;
And cautiouſly began to ſcout,
To find their fellow-cattle out.
Nor was it half a minute's queſt,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beaſt,
Ty'd to a pale, inſtead of rack,
But ne'er a ſaddle on his back,
Nor piſtols at the ſaddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the night to ſteal away;
But in a trice advanc'd the knight
Upon the bare-ridge bolt upright.
And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the ſaddle too was ſtray'd,
And in the place a lump of ſoap,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While Hudibras, with equal haſte,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,

And ſpurr'd as jockies uſe, to break,
Or padders to ſecure a neck.
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining ſtate,
Which now come near an even rate.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

The ſaints engage in fierce conteſts,
About their carnal intereſts;
To ſhare their ſacrilegious preys,
According to their rates of grace;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a ſtorm:
Till, in the effigie of Rumps, the rabble
Burns all their grandees of the cabal.

THE learned write, an inſect breeze
Is but a mungrel prince of bees,
That falls, before a ſtorm, on cows,
And ſtings the founders of his houſe;
From whoſe corrupted fleſh that breed
Of vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, ere the ſtorm of war broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various rout

1 *The learned write*, &c] *An inſect breeze.* Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of inſects, which, ſome are of opinion, are generated from viſcous exhalations in the air; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

Of petulant capricious ſects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That firſt ran all religion down,
And after ev'ry ſwarm its own.
For as the Perſian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their ſons,
Who were incapable t'enjoy
That empire any other way:
So Preſbyter begot the other
Upon the good old cauſe, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whoſe ſon and huſband are the ſame.
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'reſt for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd:
Like dogs that ſnarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none;
As by their trueſt characters,
Their conſtant actions, plainly appears.

13 *For as the Perſian*, &c.] The Magi were prieſts and philoſophers among the Perſians, intruſted with the government both civil eccleſiaſtic, much addicted to the obſervation of the ſtars. Zoroaſter is reported to be their firſt author. They had this cuſtom amongſt them, to preſerve and continue their families by inceſtuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wiſe men that came out of the eaſt to worſhip our Saviour were ſome of theſe.

Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow ſlack;
The cauſe and covenant to leſſen,
And providence to b'out of ſeaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O' th' king's revenue, and the church's;
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the brethren on.
Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt, for the cauſe,
To croſs the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
By their ſupport might be maintain'd;
Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd againſt the hue-and-cry.
For Preſbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant;
Laid out their apoſtolic functions,
On carnal orders and injunctions;
And all their precious gifts and graces,
On outlawries and *ſcire facias*;
At Michael's term had many a trial,
Worſe than the dragon and St Michael,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
Into the bottomleſs abyſs.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to ſhare their dividends,
And ev'ry part'ner to poſſeſs
His ſtate and church joint-purchaſes,

51 *At Michael's term*, &c.] St. Michael, an archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's epiſtle, v. 9.

In which the ableſt ſaint, and beſt,
Was nam'd in truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their money; and, inſtead
Of every brother, paſs the deed;
He ſtrait converted all his gifts
To pious frauds, and holy ſhifts;
And ſettled all the other ſhares
Upon his outward man and's heirs:
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſs'd upon his conſcience
By pre-entail of providence;
Impeach'd the reſt for reprobates,
That had no titles to eſtates,
But by their ſpiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of ſaints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conſcience to fall on;
And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' utter barriſter of Swanſwick:
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with ſand-bags did of old;
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unſanctify'd truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' cauſe, receiv'd the overthrow;

77 *And laid about*, &c.] William Prynne of Lincoln's Inn, Eſq; born at Swanſwick, who ſtyled himſelf *Utter Barriſter*, a very warm perſon and voluminous writer, and after the reſtoration keeper of the records in the tower.

Or, both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
  Poor Preſbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and caſhier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and ſtate,
Reform'd t' a reformado ſaint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To ſtroll and teach from town to town,
And thoſe he had taught up, teach down,
And make thoſe uſes ſerve again
Againſt the new-enlighten'd men;
At fit as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptiſt and Fanatic,
As pat as Popiſh and Prelatic;
And with as little variation,
To ſerve for any ſect i' th' nation.
The good old cauſe, which ſome believe
To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The world to miſchief with new light,
Had ſtore of money in her purſe,
When he took her for bett'r or worſe;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
  The Independents (whoſe firſt ſtation
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mungrel kind of church-dragoons,
That ſerved for horſe and foot at once:
And in the ſaddle of one ſteed
The Saracen and Chriſtian rid;

Were free of ev'ry ſpiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder :)
No ſooner got the ſtart to lurch
Both diſciplines, of war and church,
And providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the war againſt
The common enemy o' th' ſaints,
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themſelves as th' had before.
For now there was no foe in arms,
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, themſelves at home,
Wh' had compaſs'd all they pray'd, and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the nation, church, and ſtate,
And all things but their laws and hate.
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoil of all th' had ranſack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the government,
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd,
To pull down all the war had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' aboliſh,
Subvert, extirpate, and demoliſh.
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t'a ſooterkin,

146 *As Dutch boors*, &c.] It is reported of the

Both parties join'd to do their beſt,
To damn the public intereſt;
And herded only in conſults,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'rers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the ſaw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So thoſe who play a game of ſtate,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing loſt nor won,
The public bus'neſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to ruin.
This when the Royaliſts perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the church and crown,)
Th' united conſtanter, and ſided,
The more, the more their foes divided.
For though outnumber'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down;

Dutch women, that making ſo great uſe of ſtoves, and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monſter, which is called a *ſooterkin*.

151 *T'out cant the Babylonian*, &c.] At the building of the tower of Babel, when God made the confuſion of languages.

Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the game;
True as the dial to the ſun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe brethren in evil,
Their adverſaries, and the devil,
Began once more to ſhew them play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day;
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented ſolitudes;
Conveen'd at midnight in outhouſes,
T'appoint new-riſing rendezvouſes,
And with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party ſtarted,
And, as if nature too, in haſte
To furniſh out ſupplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd deſtruction
T'a new and numerous production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the Chriſtian faith, increas'd
The more, the more they were ſuppreſs'd:
Whom neither chains, nor tranſportation,
Proſcription, ſale, or confiſcation,
Nor all the deſperate events
Of former try'd experimenets,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling
To leave off loyalty and dangling,

Nor death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,
From ſtaking life and fortune down
'Gainſt all together, for the crown;
But kept the title of their cauſe
From forfeiture, like claims in laws:
And prov'd no proſp'rous uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the nation;
Until, in ſpight of force and treaſon,
They put their loy'lty in poſſeſſion;
And, by their conſtancy and faith,
Deſtroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
Toſs'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign;
And was believ'd, as well by ſaints,
As mortal men and miſcreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry;
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
Who in a falſe erroneous dream
Miſtook the new Jeruſalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
Falſe heaven at the end o' th' hall;

215 *Toſs'd in a furious hurricane*, &c.] At Oliver's death was a moſt furious tempeſt, ſuch as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This Sterry reported ſomething ridiculouſly fabulous concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of Romulus.

224 *Falſe heaven*, &c.] After the reſtoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head ſet up at the far-

Whither it was decreed by fate
His precious reliques to tranſlate.
So Romulus was ſeen before
E'as orthodox a ſenator:
From whoſe divine illumination
He ſtole the Pagan revelation.
Next him his ſon and heir-apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;

ther end of Weſtminſter-hall; near which place there is an houſe of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

227 *So Romulus*, &c.] A Roman ſenator, whoſe name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by Romulus, made an oath before the ſenate, that this prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of that city, promiſing to be protector of it; and expreſsly charged him, that he ſhould be adored there under the name of Quirinus; and he had his temple on mount Quirinal.

231 *Next him his ſon*, &c.] Oliver's eldeſt ſon Richard was, by him before his death, declared his ſucceſſor; and, by order of the privy council, proclaimed Lord Protector; and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the ſame time, from the lord mayor and court of eldermen; and addreſſes were preſented to him from all parts of the nation, promiſing to ſtand by him with their lives and fortunes. He ſummoned a parliament to meet at Weſtminſter, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet, notwithſtanding, Fleetwood, Deſborough, and

Who firſt laid by the parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant;
And then ſunk underneath the ſtate,
That rode him above horſeman's weight.
And now the ſaints began their reign,
For which th'had yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch bowel-hankerings,
To ſee an empire all of kings,
Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe
Of juſtice, government, and law,
And free t'erect what ſpiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or goſpel hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old out-goings;

their partiſans, managed affairs ſo, that he was obliged to reſign.

245 *To edify upon the ruins*, &c.] John of Leyden, whoſe name was *Buckhold*, was a butcher of the ſame place; but a crafty, eloquent, and ſeditious fellow; and one of thoſe called *Anabaptiſts*. He went and ſet up at Munſter; where, with Knipperdoling and others of the ſame faction, they ſpread their abominable errors; and ran about the ſtreets, in enthuſiaſtic raptures, crying, *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing diſmal woes againſt all thoſe that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open inſurrection, and ſeized the palace and magazines, and grew ſo formidable, that is was very dangerous for thoſe who were not of their perſuaſion to dwell in Munſter; but at length, he and his aſſociates being ſubdu'd and taken, he was executed at Munſter, had

Who for a weather-cock hung up,
Upon their mother church's top,
Was made a type, by providence,
Of all their revelations ſince;
And now fulfill'd by his ſucceſſors,
Who equally miſtook their meaſures:
For when they came to ſhape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their light and gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unſanctify'd;
While ev'ry individual brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt, and moſt crack'd,
Were found the buſieſt to tranſact;
For though moſt hands diſpatch apace,
And make light work (the proverb ſays;)
Yet many diff'rent intellects
Are found t'have contrary effects;
And many heads t'obſtruct intrigues,
As ſloweſt inſects have moſt legs.
Some were for ſetting up a king,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing.
Unleſs king Jeſus; others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Deſborough, and Lambert;
Some for the Rump; and ſome, more crafty,
For agitators, and the ſafety;
Some for the goſpel, and maſſacres
Of ſpiritual affidavit-makers,

his fleſh pulled off by two executioners with red-hot pincers for the ſpace of an hour, and then run through with a ſword.

That ſwore to any human regence,
Oaths of ſuprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ableſt ſwearing ſaint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high places
Of ſynods and provincial claſſes,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile inroads
Upon the ſaints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' Egyptian bondage
Of holy-days, and paying poundage:
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying bakers loaves;
And ſome for finding out expedients
Againſt the ſlav'ry of obedience.
Some were for goſpel-miniſters,
And ſome for red-coat ſeculars,
As men moſt fit t'hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other ſword.
Some were for carrying on the work
Againſt the Pope, and ſome the Turk:
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The camiſado of ſurplices,
That gifts and diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery, than goſpel-light.
Others were for aboliſhing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unſanctify'd bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb:

(As wiſe as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig;)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after marriage ſtill.
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linſey-woolſey in the nation;
And ſome againſt all idolizing
The croſs in ſhop-books, or baptizing:
Others, to make all things recant
The chriſtian or ſirname of ſaint;
And force all churches, ſtreets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce.
Some 'gainſt a third eſtate of ſouls,
And bringing down the price of coals:
Some for aboliſhing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches;
While others were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and now and then
The fleſh of kings and mighty men;
And ſome for breaking of their bones
With rods of ir'n by ſecret ones:
For thraſhing mountains, and with ſpells
For hallowing carriers packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked ſore afear'd of.
The quacks of government (who ſat
At th' unregarded helm of ſtate,
And underſtood this wild confuſion
Of fatal madneſs and deluſion,
Muſt, ſooner than a prodigy,
Portend deſtruction to be nigh)

Conſider'd timely how t'withdraw,
And ſave their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worſe than all th'had ſcap'd in war;
And therefore met in conſultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the ſickly patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purſes of their fees,
More wiſe than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the ſnuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover-----gain.
'Mong theſe there was a politician,
With more heads than a beaſt in viſion,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a ſpy,
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both ſtrove to blink:
And in his dark pragmatic way,
As buſy as a child at play.
H'had ſeen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em and againſt 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall;

351 *'Mong theſe there was a politician*, &c.] This was the famous E. of S. who was endued with a particular faculty of undermining and ſubverting all ſorts of government.

For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his int'reſt with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though againſt
His conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd.
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t'a feeble ſtate camelion,
By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry ſtate,
And at a change ne'er came too late;
Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a ſcrew,
Int' higheſt truſt, and out, fornew.
For when h'had happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And paſs'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes;
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The public ruin, and his own.
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate feats he took in hand.
For when h'had got himſelf a name
For frauds and tricks, he ſpoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a nooſe,
To ſhew his play at faſt and looſe;
And when he chanc'd t'eſcape, miſtook
For art and ſubtilty, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,

And both together moſt profound
At deeds of darkneſs under ground:
As th'earth is eaſieſt undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all theſe arts, and many more,
H'had practis'd long and much before,
Our ſtate-artificer foreſaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old ſinners have all points
O'th'compaſs in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty ſinners in a ſtate
Can by their crimes prognoſticate,
And in their conſcience feel pain
Some days before a ſhow'r of rain,
He therefore wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t'inſure his throat;
And hither came t'obſerve and ſmoke
What courſes other riſkers took;
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.

409 *And better than by Napier's bones*, &c.] The famous Lord Napier of Scotland, the firſt inventor of logarathims, contrived alſo a ſet of ſquare pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory, which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations; and are commonly called *Napier's bones*.

To match this ſaint, there was another,
As buſy and perverſe a brother,
An haberdaſher of ſmall wares,
In politics and ſtate-affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel:
For when h'had taught his tribe to 'ſpouſe
The cauſe, aloft, upon one houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only principle, his will,
That whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move;
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn.
For he at any time wou'd hang
For th'opportunity t'harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his parts were ſo accompliſh'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluſs'd;
But ſtill his tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe;
And, with its everlaſting clack,
Set all mens ears upon the rack.
No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,

421 *To match this ſaint*, &c.] The great colonel John Lilbourn, whoſe trial is ſo remarkable and well known at this time.

And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controverſy.
Not by the force of carnal reaſon,
But indefatigable teazing;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanſwerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Againſt the deſp'rateſt aſſaults;
And back'd their feeble want of ſenſe,
With greater heat and confidence.
As bones of Hector's, when they differ,
The more they're cudgell'd, grow the ſtiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated:
For nothing but his intereſt
Could lay his devil of conteſt:
It was his choice, or chance, or curſe,
T' eſpouſe the cauſe for bett'r or worſe,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And ſoul, and body, worſhipp'd it:
But when he found the ſullen traps,
Poſſeſs'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,
Not half ſo full of jadiſh tricks;

473 *The Trojan mare*, &c.] After the Grecians had ſpent ten years in the ſeige of Troy without the leaſt proſpect of ſucceſs, they bethought of a ſtratagem, and made a wooden horſe, capable of containing a conſiderable number of armed men; this they filled

Though ſqueamiſh in her outward woman,
As looſe and rampant as Dol Common;
He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater:
And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer,
Her freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer.
For fools are ſtubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in conſultation ſet;
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of ſtate,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himſelf firſt audience,
After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence and the ice.
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our laſt out-goings brought about,
More than to ſee the characters
Of real jealouſies and fears
Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid,

with the choiceſt of their army, and then pretended to raiſe the ſiege; upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder; but when it was brought in, the incloſed heroes ſoon appeared, and ſurpriſing the city, he reſt entered in at the breach.

Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead:
Who, 'cauſe the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and akes of ſtate-turns,
And revolutions in their corns:
And ſince our workings-out are croſs'd,
Throw up the cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When taking of the covenant,
The lameſt cripples of the brothers
Took oaths, to run before all others;
But in their own ſenſe only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before;
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and mungrel church,
The Preſbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,----(I mean Marg'ret's faſt,)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd.
Elſe why ſhould tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through?
And underſtand as well to tame,
As when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame;

520 *(I mean Marg'ret's faſt*, &c.] That parliament uſed to have public faſts kept in St Margaret's church, Weſtminſter, as is done to this preſent time.

Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whoſe frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child;
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us:
For all our ſcouring of religion
Began with tumults and ſedition;
When hurricanes and fierce commotion
Became ſtrong motives to devotion;
(As carnal ſeamen, in a ſtorm,
Turn pious converts, and reform,)
When ruſty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,
Made bills to paſs the grand committee;
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white ſleeves,
And made the church, and ſtate, and laws,
Submit t' old ir'n, and the cauſe.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need;
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The hollow-hearted, diſſaffected,
And cloſe malignant are detected;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their ears
T' appeaſe our jealouſies and fears.

And yet for all theſe providences,
W'are offer'd, if we had our ſenſes;
We idly ſit like ſtupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a diſcharge.
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools beſotted with their crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand or fall at leaſt together;
No mean or trivial ſolaces
To partners in extreme diſtreſs;
Who uſe to leſſen their deſpairs,
By parting them int'equal ſhares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit;
Who, when our fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt defence, deſpair;
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtraits;
And horrid'ſt dangers ſafely wav'd,
By b'ing courageouſly outbrav'd;

As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poiſons by themſelves expell'd:
And ſo they might be now again,
If we were, what we ſhould be, men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt ourſelves with fate;
As criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking covenants,
And ſetting up exanns of ſaints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace.
For ſpiritual men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their banks, for independent,
To hang like Mahomet in th' air,
Or St Ignatius at his pray'r,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or ſtate:
Diſdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And ſince obedience is better

605 *To hang like Mahomet*, &c.] It is reported of Mahomet, the great impoſtor, that having built a moſque, the roof whereof was a loadſtone, and ordering his corpſe, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadſtone ſoon attracted it near the top, where it ſtill hangs in the air.

No leſs fabulous is what the legend ſays of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion tranſported him ſo, that at his prayers he has been ſeen to be raiſed from the ground for ſome conſiderable time together.

(The ſcripture ſays) than ſacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt ſtints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in doctrinals;
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without b'ing call'd t'account or queſtion.
Interpret all the ſpleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themſelves turn back again
Lord may'rs of new Jeruſalem.
But look ſo big, and overgrown,
They ſcorn their edifiers t'own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling leſſons,
Their tones, and ſanctify'd expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their gifts upon a ſaint,
Like charity on thoſe that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T'inſpire themſelves with ſhort-hand notes:
For which they ſcorn and hate them, worſe
Than dogs and cats do ſow-gelders.
For who firſt bred them up to pray,
And teach, the houſe of Commons way?
Where had they all their gifted phraſes,
But from our Calamys and Caſes?
Without whoſe ſprinkling and ſowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye, or Owen?
Their diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield.
And had they not begun the war,
Th' had ne'er been ſainted as they are:

For ſaints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate?
Their zeal corrupts, like ſtanding water,
In th' intervals of war and ſlaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its edge,
Without the pow'r of ſacrilege.
And though they've tricks to caſt their ſins,
As eaſy as ſerpents do their ſkins,
That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men.
And from the moſt refin'd of ſaints,
As nat'rally grow miſcreants,
As barnacles turn ſolan geeſe
I' th' iſlands of the Orcades.
Their diſpenſation's but a ticket,
For their conforming to the wicked;
With whom the greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew, than ſenſe.
For as the pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of ſtate;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well:

650 *As eaſy as ſerpents*, &c.] Naturaliſts report, that ſnakes, ſerpents, &c. caſt their ſkins every year.

655 *As barnacles turn ſolan geeſe*, &c.] It is ſaid, that in the iſlands of the Orcades in Scotland, there are trees which bear thoſe barnacles, which dropping off into the water, receive life, and become thoſe birds called *ſolan geeſe*.

663 *So he that keeps the gate of hell*, &c.] The poets

And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their ſpiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated ſots
In fevers ſtill, like other goats;
For though the whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked ſticks;
Our ſchiſmatics ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter th' are, they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious feuds.
For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches ſaints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profeſs
The doctrine of dependences;
Turns meek and ſecret, ſneaking ones,
To raw-heads fierce, and bloody bones:
And not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themſelves.
For now the war is not between
The brethren, and the men of ſin;
But ſaint and ſaint, to ſpill the blood
Of one another's brotherhood;

feign the dog Cerberus, that is, the porter of hell, to have three heads.

685 *The Gibellines*, &c.] Two great factions in Italy diſtinguiſhed by thoſe names, which miſerably diſtracted and waſted it about the year 1130.

Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To liberty of conſcience,
Or zealous ſuff'ring for the cauſe,
To gain one groat's worth of applauſe:
For though endur'd with reſolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to perſecution.
Shall precious ſaints, and ſecret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the fleſh of bretheren,
Inſtead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When ſavage bears agree with bears,
Shall ſecret ones lug ſaints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall maſtiffs by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?
And ſaints whoſe necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal;
Who would not gueſs there might be hopes,
The fear of gallowſes and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animoſities a while?
At leaſt until th' had a clear ſtage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of ſurpriſe
By both our common enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtand their workings out;
And know 'em both in ſoul and conſcience,
Giv'n up t'as reprobate a nonſenſe
As ſpiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We, whom at firſt they ſet up under,
In revelation only of plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many trials
Of their incroaching ſelf-denials,
That rook'd upon us with deſign
To out-reform and undermine;
Took all our intereſts and commands
Perfidiouſly out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd;
And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger ſons of father Belial.
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
Th' had done us, and the cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work ſtill, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of goals,
To find us pill'ries and cart-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the ſtate
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies, to the ſtumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,

And burnt our veſſels, like a new
Seal'd peck or buſhel, for b'ing true;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One ſyllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men;
Our inward man, and conſtant frame
Of ſpirit, ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;
But join'd our gifts perpetually
Againſt the common enemy.
Although 'twas ours and their opinion,
Each others church was but a Rimmon:
And yet for all this goſpel-union,
And outward ſhew of church-communion,
They'll ne'er admit us to our ſhares,
Of ruling church or ſtate affairs;
Nor give us leave t'abſolve, or ſentence
T'our own conditions of repentance;
But ſhar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
We had ſo painfully preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though againſt the grain,
T'have calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but juſtice to reſtore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W'had been ungrateful not to pay:

Who, for the right w'have done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal ſalvation,
And put our veſſels in a way
Once more to come again in play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about;
And that our only ſuffering
Is able to bring in the king:
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t'a ſhare,
At leaſt in carrying on th' affair:
But whether that be ſo or not,
W'have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w'had done't,
And eaſier paſs'd upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The world is nat'rally averſe
To all the truth it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows nonſenſe, and a lie,
With greedineſs and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulſome,
But ſeldom any thing that's wholeſome;
And, like the world, mens jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles;
And what they're confidently told,
By no ſenſe elſe can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge-in providence.
For as relapſes make diſeaſes
More deſp'rate than their firſt acceſſes;
If we but get again in pow'r,
Our work is eaſier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' myſtery to do our part.
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt war to create, than make;
And when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds as ſtrange to carry't on:
Trepann'd the ſtate, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own:
And if we did ſuch feats at firſt,
What can we now we're better vers'd;
Who have a freer latitude
Than ſinners give themſelves, allow'd?
And therefore likelieſt to bring in,
On faireſt terms, our diſcipline;
To which it was reveal'd long ſince,
We were ordain'd by providence:
When three ſaints ears, our predeceſſors,
The cauſe's primitive confeſſors,
B'ing crucify'd, the nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by ſix, expreſs'd
The perfect number of the beaſt,

841 *When three ſaints ears,* &c.] Burton, Prynn, and Baſtwick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, juſt at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

And prov'd that we muſt be the men,
To bring this work about again;
And thoſe who laid the firſt foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What churches have ſo able paſtors,
And precious, pow'rful, preaching maſters?
Poſſeſs'd with abſolute dominions
O'er brethrens purſes and opinions?
And truſted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their warehouſes;
Who, when the cauſe is in diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what ſums they pleaſe,
That brooding lie in bankers hands,
To be diſpos'd at their commands;
And daily increaſe and multiply,
With doctrine, uſe, and uſury:
Can fetch in parties (as in war,
All other heads of cattle are;)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And ſhare them, from blue ribbands, down
To all blue aprons in the town:
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cor'nets at their footmens breeches,
To bawds as fat as mother Nab;
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any ſide:
Has one conſiderable improvement,
To double fortify the cov'nant:

I mean our covenant, to purchaſe
Delinquents titles and the churches:
That paſs in ſale, from hand to hand,
Among ourſelves, for current land;
And riſe or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions.
Our beſt reſerve for reformation,
When new outgoings give occaſion:
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
The covenant (their creed) t'aſſert:
And when th'have pack'd a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient:
Who can already muſter friends,
To ſerve for members, to our ends,
That repreſent no part o'th' nation,
But Fiſher's-Folly congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And ſit, like geeſe, to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T'out-faſt, out-loiter, and out-ſit,
Can order matters underhand,
To put all bus'neſs to a ſtand:
Lay public bills aſide for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and neceſſary,
With trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the nation repreſent
And ſerve for us in parliament;

894 *But Fiſher's-Folly*, &c.] Fiſher's-Folly was where Devonſhire-ſquare now ſtands, and was a great place of conſultation in thoſe days.

Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finiſh none;
Unleſs it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always paſs'd for fundamental;
Can ſet up grandee againſt grandee,
To ſquander time away, and bandy;
Make lords and commoners lay ſieges
To one another's privileges;
And rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins; th'only ſcope
And conſolation of our hope:
Who, though we do not play the game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving aim.
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions t'act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of Ay, or No;
And by adjuſting all at th'end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that ſo much ſtudy coſt,
And now's in danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th'houſes.
Theſe are the courſes that we took
To carry things by hook or crook;

907 *Cut out more work*, &c.] Plato's year, or the grand revolution of the intire machine of the world, was accounted 4000.

And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door:
Beſides the herds of *boutefeus*,
We ſet on work without the houſe;
When every knight and citizen
Kept legiſlative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's ſenſe;
And fill the lobbies of both houſes
With politic important buzzes:
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack deſigns without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our preſent uſe.
Agree upon the plot o'th'farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearſe.
Make Q's of anſwers, to waylay
What th'other party's like to ſay:
What repartees, and ſmart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who ſhall break the maſter-jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help pamphlets out, with ſafe editions,
Of proper ſlanders and ſeditions:
And treaſon for a token ſend,
By letter to a country friend;
Diſperſe lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit;
Wit falſer than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays;
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his calling to be ſeen.

Diſperſe the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of diſcord forth;
Be ſure to keep up congregations,
In ſpite of laws and proclamations:
For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd;
And when they're puniſh'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as confeſſors are ſure
Of double pay for all they th' endure;
And what they earn in perſecution,
Are paid t'a groat in contribution.
Whence ſome tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring-tubs their richeſt trade;
And, while they keep their ſhops in priſon,
Have found their prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt regret
For all the Chriſtian blood w' have let;
'Twill ſave our credit, and maintain
Our title to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one dram of ſenſe,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our conſtancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things elſe:
Like marble ſtatues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrims kiſſes;
While thoſe who turn and wind their oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other froths:
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they ſwung:
As they had turn'd from ſide to ſide,
And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd.

This ſaid, th' impatient ſtates-monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his piques
Againſt th' haranguer's politics,
With ſmart remarks, of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After h' had miniſter'd a doſe
Of ſnuff-mundungus to his noſe,
And powder'd th' inſide of his ſcull,
Inſtead of th' outward jobbernol,
He ſhook it, with a ſcornful look
On th' adverſary, and thus he ſpoke.
In dreſſing a calf's-head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols,
With ſuch inſufferable rambles;
To make the bringing in the KING,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but thoſe that ſwore
T' as point-blank nonſenſe heretofore:
That to defend, was to invade;
And to aſſaſſinate, to aid:
Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt,)
No power is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your ſcore:
A ſpiritual doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your uſes.
'Tis true, a ſcorpion's oil is ſaid
To cure the wounds the vermin made;

And weapons, dreſs'd with ſalves, reſtore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Preſbyterians have
So much good-nature as the ſalve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Thoſe who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' arrears of all your ſervices,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd s' unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt reward,
For letting rapine looſe, and murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further;
And ſetting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a ſcantling, but no higher:
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the throats of church and ſtate:
And not b' allow'd the fitteſt men
To take the charge of both again.
Eſpecially, that have the grace
Of ſelf-denying, gifted face;
Who when your projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at ſecond hand;
As we have been, to ſhare the guilt
Of Chriſtian blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our ignorance was flamm'd
To damn ourſelves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd:
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,

And win your necks upon the ſet,
As well as ours, who did but bet;
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the ſelf-ſame ſcore,)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at foul play;
And brought you down to rook, and lie,
And fancy only, on the by;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles;
And reſcu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like alligators:
For which ingeniouſly y' have ſhew'd
Your Preſbyterian gratitude:
Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Thoſe were your motives to divide,
And ſcruple on the other ſide,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conſcience and remorſe:
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies:
And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal, and falſe,
To charge us with the conſequences
Of all your native inſolences:
That to your own imperious wills
Laid law and goſpel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Teſtament
To ſerve the New for precedent:

T'amend its errors and defects,
With murder, and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to ſow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian doctrine forth in uſe;
As Mahomet, your chief, began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cuſhion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are ſaid to ſee the wind:
Fill'd bedlam with predeſtination
And Knights-bride with illumination:
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloody-bones or Lunsford.
While women, great with child, miſcarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd.
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whoſe huſbands were not for the cauſe;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Becauſe they came not out to battle;
Made taylor's 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not eſpouſe the ſaints adventures.
Could tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus:
Inchant the king's and church's lands,
T'obey and follow your commands;

And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill had done of old,
Could turn the cov'nant, and tranſlate
The goſpel into ſpoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt places:
Could catechize a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the cauſe became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.
And yet, in ſpite of all your charms,
To conjure Legion up in arms;
And raiſe more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to caſt out;
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools
Bred up, you ſay, in your own ſchools;
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit.
By whom y' have been ſo oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command:
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on;
Of all your diſpenſations worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of church and ſtate,
And all things, but the people's hate;
And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By thoſe who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
Like better bowlers, in your places;
All which you bore with reſolution,
Charg'd on th' account of perſecution;

And though moſt righteouſly oppreſs'd,
Againſt your wills, ſtill acquieſc'd;
And never humm'd and hah'd ſedition,
Nor ſnuffled treaſon nor miſpriſion.
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worſt,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raiſe your poſſe of the rabble:
One ſingle red-coat centinel
Out-charm'd the magic of the ſpell;
And, with his ſquirt-fire, could diſperſe
Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verſe:
We knew too well thoſe tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your pow'rs;
Or truſt our ſafeties, or undoings,
To your diſpoſing of outgoings;
Or to your ord'ring providence
One farthing's worth of conſequence.
For had you pow'r to undermine,
Or wit to carry a deſign,
Or correſpondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to uſe the means;
And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep yourſelves in pow'r;
T' advance the int'reſts of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loath
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,

To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by ſin;
For 'twas your zealous want of ſenſe,
And ſanctify'd impertinence;
Your carrying buſ'neſs in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model;
Oblig'd the ſtate to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
T'your great Croyſado general.
Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches pow'r,
That ſprung the game you were to ſet,
Before y'had time to draw the net:
Your ſpite to ſee the church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your ſacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures;
Your envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under churches in the town;
And no courſe us'd to ſtop their mouths,
Nor th' Independent's ſpreading growths.
All which conſidered, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you;
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
The midnight-junto's, and ſeal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own raſh politics.

1200 T' *your great Croyſado general*, &c.] General Fairfax, who was ſoon laid aſide, after he had done ſome of their drudgery for them.

And this way you may claim a ſhare
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair;
Elſe frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh, and his brick-kilns, looſe;
And flies and mange, that ſet them free
From taſkmaſters, and ſlavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In an indiff'rent man's conceit:
For whoe'er heard of reſtoration,
Until your thorough reformation?
That is, the king's and church's lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to reſtore.
And when the work was carrying on,
Who croſs'd it, but yourſelves alone?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The iſle of Wight
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny't;
Where Henderſon, and th' other maſſes,
Were ſent to cap texts, and put caſes;
To paſs for deep and learned ſcholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unſeaſonable fools
Had been a-courſing in the ſchools;
Until th' had prov'd the devil author
O' th' cov'nant, and the cauſe his daughter.

1241 *To paſs for deep and learned ſcholars*, &c.] Two ridiculous ſcriblers that were often peſtering the world with nonſenſe.

For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been ſpilt;
They did not mean he wrought th' effuſion
In perſon like Sir Pride, or Hughſon;
But only thoſe who firſt begun
The quarrel, were by him ſet on.
And who could thoſe be but the ſaints,
Thoſe reformation-termagants?
But ere this paſs'd, the wiſe debate
Spent ſo much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T'incloſe him with his warriors round:
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th'untimely ſophiſts out.
Nor had the Uxbridge bus'neſs leſs
Of nonſenſe in't, or ſottiſhneſs;
When from a ſcoundrel holder-forth,
The ſcum, as well as ſon o' th' earth,
Your mighty ſenators took law,
At his command were forc'd t'withdraw,
And ſacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To doctrine, uſe, and application.
So when the Scots, your conſtant cronies,
Th' eſpouſers of your cauſe and monies,
Who had ſo often, in your aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid,
Came in at laſt for better ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty friends;

1250 *Like Sir Pride,* &c.] The one a brewer, the other a ſhoemaker, and both colonels in the rebels army.

You baſely left them, and the church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what utenſils y'have been,
To bring the king's concernments in:
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into truſt
Will find you moſt exactly juſt;
Such as will punctually repay
With double int'reſt, and betray.

Not that I think thoſe pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are leſs ingenious in their art,
Than thoſe who dully act one part;
Or thoſe who turn from ſide to ſide,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wiſe man's home,
And ſo are governments to ſome,
Who change them for the ſame intrigues
That ſtateſmen uſe in breaking leagues:
While others in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-faſhion'd cloaths:
And naſtier in an old opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their linen.

For true and faithful's ſure to loſe,
Which way ſoever the game goes:
And whether parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in.
While pow'r uſurp'd, like ſtol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,

And when the times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the halter.
And ſo may we, if w'have but ſenſe,
To uſe the neceſſary means;
And not your uſual ſtratagems
On one another, lights and dreams.
To ſtand on terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the covenant on crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before w'are ſure to prop our own:
Your conſtant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward ſenſe and outward,
Are worſe, than if y'had none, accoutred.
I grant, all courſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, how?
'Tis true, w'have money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the ſwords of kings,
Is the laſt reaſon of all things:
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way:
As long as men have faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well:
Whoſe half-ſtarv'd pride and avarice,
One church and ſtate will not ſuffice,
T' expoſe to ſale, beſide the wages
Of ſtoring plagues to after ages.

Nor is our money leſs our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought to play upon't:
Or but, by caſting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and ſomething more;
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments:
For when w'are taken into truſt,
How eaſy are the wiſeſt chouſt?
Who ſee but th' outſides of our feats,
And not their ſecret ſprings and weights:
And while they're buſy at their eaſe,
Can carry what deſigns we pleaſe:
How eaſy is't to ſerve for agents,
To proſecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old cauſe on foot,
And preſent pow'r from taking root;
Inflame them both with falſe alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of ſide to ſide;
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt concerns,
For both their intereſts, by turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd:)
For if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;

And therefore have no other means
To ſtand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our antient party
In vigour, confident and hearty;
To reconcile our late diſſenters,
Our brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,
As long and ſhort ſticks are in faggots:
And make them join again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' eſpouſe;
Erect them into ſeparate
New Jewiſh tribes, in church and ſtate;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only 'mong themſelves converſe;
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and ſtickle
From conclave down to conventicle:
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conſcience,
And ſpiritual miſrule in one ſenſe:
But in another quite contrary,
As diſpenſations chance to vary:
And ſtand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the ſpirit;
Protect their emiſſaries, impow'r'd
To preach ſedition and the word:
And when they're hamper'd by the laws,
Releaſe the lab'rers for the cauſe;
And turn the perſecution back
On thoſe that made the firſt attack,

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking or maintaining law;
And when they have their fits too ſoon,
Before the full tides of the moon;
Put off their zeal to a fitter ſeaſon,
For ſowing faction in, and treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks from bating on their perches:
That when the bleſſed time ſhall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own fifth monarchy once more.
Mean while be better arm'd to fence
Againſt revolts of providence;
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For if ſucceſs could make us ſaints,
Our ruin turn'd us miſcreants:
A ſcandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
Theſe are the courſes we muſt run,
'Spite of our hearts, or be undone:
And not to ſtand on terms and freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our necks.
But do our work, as out of ſight,
As ſtars by day, and ſuns by night:
All licence of the people own,
In oppoſition to the crown.
And for the crown as fiercely ſide,
The head and body to divide.
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind:

Be ſure to ſpare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſy to ſupplant
Authority, as men in want:
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vaſtly by their joint endeavour
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as fly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects
T'improve the factory of ſects:
The rule of faith in all profeſſions,
And great Diana of th' Epheſians:
Whence turning of religion's made
The means to turn and wind a trade.
And though ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a courſe;
And draw in ſtore of cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their ſects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis, hypocriſy as well
Will ſerve t'improve a church as zeal:
As perſecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
Let bus'neſs, like ill watches, go,
Sometimes too faſt, ſometimes too ſlow:
For things in order are put out
So eaſy, eaſe itſelf will do't:

But when the feat's deſign'd and meant,
What miracle can bear th' event?
For 'tis more eaſy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
The weightieſt matters to divert;
Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our hooks for greater truſt;
But ſtill be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own:
The leaſt miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the ſtate;
Expreſs'd the horrid'ſt deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted nation.
Tell ſtories ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a ſubtle ſtateſman ſays,
Is half in words, and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues,
Of heads and ſhoulders, nods and ſhrugs;)
Intruſt it under ſolemn vows
Of mum, and ſilence, and the roſe,
To be retail'd again in whiſpers,
For th' eaſy credulous to diſperſe.
Thus far the ſtateſman----When a ſhout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;

And ſtrait another, all aghaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal fear and haſte;
Who ſtar'd about as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.
That beaſtly rabble----that came down
From all the garrets-----in the town,
And ſtalls, and ſhop-boards-----in vaſt ſwarms,
With new-chalk'd bills-----and ruſty arms,
To cry the cauſe------up, heretofore,
And bawl the biſhops-----out of door;
Are now drawn up-----in greater ſhoals,
To roaſt---and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees-----of our members
Are carbonading-----on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgeſſes------
Held forth by rumps-----of pigs and geeſe,
That ſerve for characters----and badges
To repreſent their perſonages:
Each bonefire is a fun'ral pile,
In which they roaſt----and ſcorch, and broil,
And ev'ry repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt----and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,

1505 *That beaſtly rable,----that came down*, &c.] This is an accurate deſcription of the mob's burning rumps upon the admiſſion of the ſecluded members, in contempt of the Rump-parliament.

W'are grilly'd all at Temple-Bar:
Some on the ſign-poſt of an alehouſe,
Hang, in effigie, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to perſonate
Reſpective officers of ſtate;
That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,
Preſcrib'd in law, and executed,
And while the work is carrying on,
Be ready liſted under Dun;
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'ſt member of the five,
As well as the moſt primitive;
Who, for his faithful ſervice then,
Is choſen for a fifth again:
(For ſince the ſtate has made a quint
Of generals, he's liſted in't):
This worthy, as the world will ſay,
Is paid in ſpecie, his own way;
For, moulded to the life in clouts,
Th'have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em:
And to the largeſt bonefire riding,
They've roaſted Cook already, and Pride in.

1534 *Be ready liſted under Dun*] The hangman's name at that time was Dun.

1550 *They've roaſted Cook already, and Pride in.*] Cook acted as ſolicitor-general againſt K. Charles I. at his trial; and afterwards received his juſt reward for the ſame. Pride a colonel in the parliament's army.

On whom in equipage and ſtate,
His ſcare-crow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thankſgivings th'us'd to do;
Each in a tatter'd taliſman,
Like vermin in effigie ſlain.
But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe rumps are but the tail o'th'beaſt,
Set up by Popiſh engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears;
For none but Jeſuits have a miſſion
To preach the faith with amunition,
And propagate the church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier.
Theſe ſpiritual pioners o'th'whore's,
That have the charge of all her ſtores,
Since firſt they fail'd in their deſigns,
To take in heav'n by ſpringing mines,
And with unanſwerable barrels
Of gunpowder, diſpute their quarrels;
Now take a courſe more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up in th' open ſtreets,
Diſguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites;

1564 *Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier*] Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the ſociety of the Jeſuits, was a gentleman of Biſcay in Spain, and bred a ſoldier; was at Pampelune when it was beſieged by the French in 1521; and was ſo very lame in both feet, by the damage he ſuſtained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
Nor have they choſen rumps amiſs,
For ſymbols of ſtate-myſteries:
Though ſome ſuppoſe 'twas but to ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the ſaints, the few;
Who, 'cauſe they're waſted to the ſtumps,
Are repreſented by the beſt rumps.
But Jeſuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches;
And from their Coptic prieſt, Kircherus,
Found out this myſtic way to jeer us.
For as the Egyptians us'd by bees
T' expreſs their antique Ptolomies;
And by their ſtings, the ſwords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtle animals
Bear all their int'reſt in their tails;
But when they're once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their well-order'd ſtate:
They thought all governments were beſt
By hieroglyphic rumps expreſt.

1585 *And from their Coptic prieſt, Kircherus,*] Athanaſius Kircher, a Jeſuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian myſtical learning.

1587 *For as the Egyptians us'd by bees,* &c.] The Egyptians repreſented their kings (many of whoſe names were Ptolemy) under the hieroglyphic of a bee, diſpenſing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a ſting for the wicked and diſſolute.

For, as in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all;
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the *helm*;
With which, like veſſels under ſail,
They're turn'd, and winded by the tail,
The tail which birds and fiſhes ſteer
Their courſes with, through ſea and air:
To whom the rudder of the rump is
The ſame thing with the ſtern and compaſs.
This ſhews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in nature jump.
For as a fly that goes to bed,
Reſts with his tail above his head;
So, in this mungrel ſtate of ours,
The rabble are the ſupreme pow'rs,
That hors'd us on their backs, to ſhows us
A jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.
The learned rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,
I' th' rump of man, of ſuch a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt great day,
All th' other members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a ſeed
All ſorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned ſons of art
Os ſacrum juſtly ſtyle that part.
Then what can better repreſent,
Than this rump bone, the parliament,
That, after ſev'ral rude ejections
And as prodigious reſurrections,

With new reverſions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
But, now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' houſe, as well as members, fir'd;
Conſum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t'ungoverning diſtreſs,
And paltry, private wretchedneſs;
Worſe than the devil, to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reſtoration;
And parted like the body and ſoul,
From all dominion and control.
We, who could lately with a look
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke;
Whoſe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All hats, as in a ſtorm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet:
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And pray'rs, than the crowns of hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruins juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:
For ſome of us have ſcores more large
Than heads and quarters can diſcharge;
And others, who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amaſs'd,
Wou'd gladly lay down all at laſt;

And to be but undone, entail
Their veſſels on perpetual jail;
And bleſs the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit ſouls, on no worſe terms.
This ſaid, a near and louder ſhout
Put all th' aſſembly to the rout;
Who now begun t'outrun their fear,
As horſes do, from thoſe they bear:
But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
Until th' had block'd the paſſage faſt,
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken members,
Than have them grilly'd on the embers;
Still preſſing on with heavy packs,
Of one another, on their backs:
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear;
But, borne-down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled ſorely under foot:
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a freſh ſupply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuſcan running horſe,
Whoſe jockey-rider is all ſpurs.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The knight and ſquire's prodigious flight
To quit th' inchanted bow'r by night:
He plods to turn his amorous ſuit
T'a plea in law, and proſecute;
Repairs to counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the enterpriſe;
But firſt reſolves to try by letter,
And one more fair addreſs, to get her.

WHO would believe what ſtrange bugbears
Mankind creates itſelf, of fears,
That ſpring, like fern, that inſect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed?
And have no poſſible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;

8 *Than hags with all their imps and teats,*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion that witches have their imps, or familiar ſpirits, that are employed in their diabolical practices, and ſuck private teats they have about them.

Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their nurſeries of elves.
For fear does things ſo like a witch,
'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of ſenſes,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Roſicrucian virtuoſo's
Can ſee with ears, and hear with noſes;
And when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by fear;
That makes them in the dark ſee viſions,
And hag themſelves with apparitions;
And when their eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt objects beſt:
Do things, not contrary, alone,
To th' courſe of nature, but its own;
The courage of the braveſt daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as reſolute appear,
With too much, as too little fear;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like lions, rout.

15 *As Roſicrucian virtuoſo's*, &c.] The Roſicrucians were a ſect that appeared in Germany, in the beginning of the 17th age. They are alſo called the *enlightened*, *immortal*, and *inviſible*. They are a very enthuſiaſtical ſort of men, and hold many wild and extravagant opinions.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the furies, left perdue,
And haunted with detachments, ſent
From Marſhal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and reſcu'd with a chęat;
When nothing but himſelf, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;
As, by the rules o' th' virtuoſi,
It follows in due form of poeſy.
Diſguis'd in all the maſks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blind-man's-buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and deſp'rate courſe,
He knew no better than his horſe;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs capacity of ſpeed;
Diſabled, both in man and beaſt,
To fly and run away, his beſt;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer ſide:
(As ſeamen ride with all their force,

36 *From Marſhal Legion's regiment,*] He uſed to preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for the propagation of the good old cauſe.

And tug as if they row'd the horſe;
And when the hackeny ſails moſt ſwift,
Believe they lag, and run adrift)
So though he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His fear was greater than his haſte:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And ſhift t'another ſcene his fear;
He found his new officious ſhade,
That came ſo timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd itſelf to Ralpho's ſhape,
So like in perſon, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no ſooner told
The lady all he had t'unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain th' approaching knight;
And while he gave himſelf diverſion,
T' accommodate his beaſt and perſon,
And put his beard into a poſture
At beſt advantage to accoſt her;
She order'd th' antimaſquerade
(For his reception) aforeſaid:
But when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, and furies gone;
And Hudibras, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho gueſs'd;
The wretched caitif all alone
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his ſtory to himſelf;

The knight miſtook him for an elf;
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at Ralph's outward man;
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's ſteed,
And act the ſaint's and devil's part,
With undeſtinguiſhable art;
They might have done ſo now, perhaps,
And put on one another's ſhapes;
And therefore, to reſolve the doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? my ſquire, or that bold ſpright
That took his place and ſhape to-night?
Some buſy independent pug,
Retainer to this ſynagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I'm none of thoſe
Your boſom friends, as you ſuppoſe;
But Ralph himſelf, your truſty ſquire,
Wh' has dragg'd your Donſhip out o'th'mire,
And from th' inchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a beaſt, have freed you;
And, though a priſoner of war,
Have brought you ſafe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Preſbyterian way.
That's ſtranger, quoth the knight, and ſtranger:
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, The infernal conjurer,
Purſu'd and took me priſoner;
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,

Have noted all they ſaid or did.
And though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their ſorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer ſecond fight.
But didſt thou ſee no devils then?
Not one, quoth he, but carnal men,
A little worſe than fiends in hell,
And that ſhe-devil Jezebel;
That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with deriſion,
To ſee them take your depoſition.
What then, quoth Hudibras, was he
That play'd the devil t' examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parſon's gown:
Whom all the pariſh takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conſcientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked truth of all the reſt,
More plainly than the rev'rend writer,
That to our churches veil'd his mitre.
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,

145 *More plainly than the rev'rend writer*, &c.] A moſt reverend prelate, A. B. of Y. who ſided with the diſaffected party.

To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my helliſh fear?
  Quoth he, I knew your conſtant rate,
And frame of ſp'rit, too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own:
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit;
The dev'l, that is your conſtant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye:
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
  The knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the enemy behind,
And ſaw no farther harm remain,
But feeble wearineſs and pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day;
And by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his fear,
That parting's wont to rent and tear,
And give the deſperat'ſt attack
To danger ſtill behind its back.
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt ſucceſs reflect,
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What elſe, it cou'd be ſaid, he fear'd;
It put him in ſo fierce a rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;

Toſs'd like a foot-ball back again,
With ſhame, and vengeance, and diſdain.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer riſe;
And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe.
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew:
To ſlight my new acqueſts, and run
Victoriouſly from battles won:
And reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt;
To make me put myſelf to flight,
And conqu'ring run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durſt never have preſum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horſe,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might th' unequal fight renew:
And, to preſerve thy outward man,
Aſſum'd my place, and led the van.
All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preſerve myſelf, but you,
You, who were damn'd to baſer drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worſe
Than managing a wooden horſe:
Dragg'd out through ſtraiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers:

Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reaſon to complain;
But ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome,
To blame the hand that paid your ranſom,
And reſcu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabled, and unhors'd,
Diſarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but haſty flight,
Which, though 'twas deſp'rate in the attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.
But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unſeaſonable and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to ſurpriſe,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor caſt deſign ſerve afterwards,
As gameſters tear their loſing-cards.
Beſides, our bangs of man and beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but reſt;
And for a while will not be able
To rally and prove ſerviceable:
And therefore I, with reaſon, choſe
This ſtratagem, t' amuſe our foes,
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total ſure defeat:
For thoſe that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art:

By which ſome glorious feats atchieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive;
And cannons conquer armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoil.
'Tis held the gallant'ſt courſe, and braveſt,
To great exploits, as well as ſafeſt,
That ſpares th' expence of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains;
And in the end prevails as certain
As thoſe that never truſt to fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt reſolution:
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' ancients crown'd their braveſt men,
That only ſav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done:
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go halves, at leaſt, i'th'victory;
And ſometimes, when the loſs is ſmall,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new additions to their feats,

261 *If th' ancients crown'd their braveſt men*, &c.] The Romans highly honoured and nobly rewarded thoſe perſons that were inſtrumental in the preſervation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwiſe.

And emendations in gazettes:
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a gun,
Have don't with bonefires, and at home
Made ſquibs and crackers overcome:
To ſet the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Diſperſe the news, the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells;
And though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum;*
Yet, with religious blaſphemy,
By flatt'ring heaven with a lie;
And for their beating giving thanks,
They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For thoſe who run from th'enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Thoſe win the day that win the race;
And that which would not paſs in fights,
Has done the feat with eaſy flights,
Recover'd many a deſp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Reſtor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine and *aqua vitae*;
And made them ſtoutly overcome
With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum;
Whom th'uncontroll'd decrees of fate
To victory neceſſitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;

Or elſe their Sultan-populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.
Quoth Hudibras, I underſtand
What fights thou mean'ſt at ſea and land,
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out th'had won the day;
Although the rabble ſous'd them for't,
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not ſo reſolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unleſs it be to herds of cattle:
Or fighting convoys of proviſion,
The whole deſign o'th'expedition;
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beaſts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way;
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn guts to death;
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt renown,
That bring the other's ſtomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine;

305 *Or elſe their Sultan-populaces*, &c.] The author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable mob, to the Sultan or Grand Signior, who very ſeldom fails to ſacrifice any of his chief commanders, called *Baſſa's*, if they prove unſucceſsful in battle.

And feats of arms, to plot, deſign,
Surpriſe, and ſtratagem, and mine:
But have no need, nor uſe of courage,
Unleſs it be for g'ory, or forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' rear;
And forc'd with terrible reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance,
To pick out ground t'encamp upon,
Where ſtore of largeſt rivers run,
That ſerve inſtead of peaceful barriers,
To part th'engagements of their warriors
Where both from ſide to ſide may ſkip,
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;
And therefore poſt themſelves in bogs,
As th'ancient mice attack'd the frogs;
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their ſtrict ally.
For 'tis not now, whoſe ſtout and bold?
But, who bears hunger beſt, and cold?
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving:
And he that routs moſt pigs and cows,
The formidableſt man of proweſs.

350 *As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs*] Homer wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

So th'Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh ſea,
Took crabs and oyſters priſoners,
And lobſters, 'ſtead of cuiraſſiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce buſtles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muſcles;
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of ſcallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car:
But when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely eat his captives up;
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe;
To hope, by ſtratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to ſubdue her,
Though ſome have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
As thoſe who win the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And ſtout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
By courting of her back and ſide.
But ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover;

383 *And ſtout Rinaldo gain'd his bride*, &c.] A ſtory in Taſſo an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his miſtreſs, by conquering her party.

When miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd
By ſuch addreſſes to be gain'd;
And if they were, would have it out,
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no courſe s'infeaſible,
As this of force to win the Jezebel;
To ſtorm her heart by th' antic charms
Of ladies-errant, force of arms;
But rather ſtrive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your caſe is clear, you have her word,
And me to witneſs the accord;
Beſides two more of her retinue
To teſtify what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or ſeal, or breaking gold;
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the bus'neſs you look after:
Beſides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than thoſe in war,
In which the law does execution
With leſs diſorder and confuſion;
Has more of honour in't, ſome hold,
Not like the new way, but the old;
When thoſe the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
Nay, more than bullets now of lead:

So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms;
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to e're y' have done.
The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious lover
A lady, that's as false, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride;
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.
For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages:
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans;
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest;
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us brethren, who divide
Our commonwealth, the cause, and side;

And though w'are all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward;
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle-fangle:
While lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make the beſt advantages
Of others quarrels, like the Swiſs:
And out of foreign controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their purſes;
But have no int'reſt in the cauſe
For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
Nor further proſpect than their pay,
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With ſundry learned clerks and ſages;
Though all their bus'neſs be diſpute,
Which way they canvaſs ev'ry ſuit;
Th' have no diſputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert:
While all profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but diſputes t'abound;
Divines of all ſorts, and phyſicians,
Philoſophers, mathematicians;
The Galeniſt and Paracelſian,
Condemn the way each other deals in:
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their dreams,
That in their ſleeps they talk of ſchemes;
And heralds ſtickle who got who
So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wiſe a nation,
T'expoſe their trade to diſputation;
Or make the buſy rabble judges
Of all their ſecret piques and grudges:
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole profeſſion's ſure to pay.
Beſides, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other ſciences
They ſwarm, like inſects, and increaſe.
For what bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An anſwer to a declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and anſwers, and replies;
They'll write a love-letter in chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The knight, who us'd with tricks and ſhifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All plagiaries conſtant courſe
Of ſinking, when they take a purſe,)
Reſolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe;
And after ſtubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,

And by tranſition fall upon
The reſolution as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou adviſeſt,
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing fillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expence;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My ſuit and title to her favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did;
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is fillier than a ſottiſh chowſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain.
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult to play.
For to reduce her by main force,
Is now in vain, by fair means, worſe:
But worſt of all to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.
For bad games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they're never to be won.
But ſince I have no other courſe
But is as bad t'attempt, or worſe;

He that complies againſt his will,
Is of his own opinion ſtill;
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For reaſons to himſelf beſt known:
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel reſolves to ſue;
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably firſt with him.
For I've receiv'd advertiſement,
By times, enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' advantage of the bus'neſs gains;
For courts of juſtice underſtand
The plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other nothing till he ſwear;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And for his bringing cuſtom in,
Has all advantages to win.
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel to adviſe
Which way t'encounter, or ſurpriſe,
And after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occaſion;
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As counſellor and juſtice too.
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for ſuch a caſe.

An old dull ſot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,
At Weſtminſter and Hicks's-hall,
And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
H'had been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd to equal ways of gaining,
By hindering juſtice, or maintaining;
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarteridge;
Cart-loads of bawds to priſon ſent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a truſty pimp and croney
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the conſtable to ſeize
All thoſe that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes commoners or lords,
And kept 'em priſoners of courſe,
For being ſober at ill hours,
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind them over for his fee.

577 *An old dull ſot, who told the clock*, &c.] Prideaux, a juſtice of peace, a very pragmatical buſy perſon in thoſe times, a mercenary and cruel magiſtrate, infamous for the above methods of getting money, among many others.

589 *And many a truſty pimp and croney*, &c.] There was a goal for puny offenders.

Made monſters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practiſe in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a ſhare
With th' headborough and ſcavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' ſtreets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmoleſted, pay;
Let out the ſtocks, and whipping-poſt,
And cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a tax on bakers ears,
And, for falſe weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and conſtant friend
To all that regularly offend:
As reſidentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive ſtol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful myſteries,
And pay church-duties, and his fees:
But was implacable and aukward,
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the knight repairs,
For counſel in his law-affairs;
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for ſhew,
Like neſt-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his falſe opinion pay:

599 *Made monſters fine, and puppet-plays*, &c.] He extorted money from thoſe that kept ſhows.

To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his caſe:
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd;
And, to aſſure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd.——Very well.
And now he brags t'have beaten me;——
Better and better ſtill, quoth he:
And vows to ſtick me to a wall,
Where-e'er he meets me.——Beſt of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken's oath
That I robb'd him.——Well done, in troth.
When h'has confeſs'd he ſtole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my goods again.——Marry, hang him.
Now whether I ſhould beforehand
Swear he robb'd me?—I underſtand;
Or bring my action of converſion
And trover for my goods?—Ah! whoreſon.
Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this caſe has the better end on't;
Who putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe th' action?—Better ſtill.
Then there's a lady too,—Ay marry,
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary;

A widow, who, by ſolemn vows
Contracted to me, for my ſpouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.---Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the dev'l of hell;
Who put me int' a horrid fear,
Fear of my life.---Make that appear.
Made an aſſault with fiends and men
Upon my body.---Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falſe impriſonment, all night;
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horſe,
And ſtole my ſaddle.---Worſe and worſe.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.
Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you, as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I wou'd it were my caſe, I'd give
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe:
I would ſo trounce her, and her purſe,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worſe;
For matrimony and hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chuſe,
As croſs I win, and pile you loſe:
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,

As upon any caſe I've known,
But we that practiſe dare not own.
The law ſeverely contrabands
Our taking bus'neſs off mens hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainſt our ears,
And crops them 'till there is not leather,
To ſtick a pin in, left of either;
For which ſome do the ſummer-ſault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.
But you may ſwear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the ſtate:
For in all courts of juſtice here
A witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you, quoth the knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat---)
For Juſtice, though ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,
Like Charity; elſe right and wrong
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And, like blind fortune, with a ſlight,
Convey mens intereſt and right,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's
As eaſily as Hocus Pocus:
Plays faſt and looſe, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.

715 *From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's*, &c.] John a Nokes and John a Stiles, are two fictitious names made uſe of in ſtating caſes of law only.

Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife;
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters paſs,
The bus'neſs to the law's all one,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witneſſes
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their conſciences;
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit-cuſtomers,
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for jurymen, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters,
Of truſtees and adminiſtrators.
For that, quoth he, let me alone;
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ableſt of conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well, quoth he, but I ſhould gueſs,
By weighing all advantages,
Your ſureſt way is firſt to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch;

742 *On Bongey for a water-witch*] Bongey was a Franciſcan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that ſeemed extraordinary was reputed magic; and ſo both Bacon Bongey went under the imputation of ſtudying the black art. Bongey alſo

And, when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.
I' th' int'rim, ſpare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans;
Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle, and ſurpriſe
Her heedleſs anſwers and replies:
And if ſhe miſs the mouſe-trap lines,
They'll ſerve for other by-deſigns;
And make an artiſt underſtand
To copy out her ſeal or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To ſteal in ſomething to intrap her;
Till with her worldly goods and body,
Spite of her heart, ſhe has endow'd ye:
Retain all ſorts of witneſſes,
That ply i' th' temples, under trees;
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd knights, their hoſts;
Or wait for cuſtomers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn:
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of oaths,
According to their ears and cloaths,

publiſhing a treatiſe of natural magic, confirmed ſome well meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundleſs, for Bongey was choſen provincial of his order, being a perſon of moſt excellent parts and piety.

Their only neceſſary tools,
Beſides the goſpel, and their ſouls.
And when y'are furniſh'd with all purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your ſervice.
I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A ſtraw to underſtand a caſe,
Without the admirable ſkill
To wind and manage it at will;
To vere, and tack, and ſteer a cauſe,
Againſt the weather-gage of laws;
And ring the changes upon caſes,
As plain as noſes upon faces,
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee;
I long to practiſe your advice,
And try the ſubtle artifice,
To bait a letter as you bid;
As not long after thus he did:
For having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I Who was once as great as Caeſar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exerciſe in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;
For ſince I am deny'd acceſs
To all my earthly happineſs,
Am fallen from the paradiſe
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Loſt to the world, and you, I'm ſent
To everlaſting baniſhment;
Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, b'ing daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom before you hear,

You'll find, upon my juſt defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loſs of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there's a diff'rence in the caſe,
Between the noble and the baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd t'have done't
Upon as different an account:
The one for great and weighty cauſe,
To ſalve, in honour, ugly flaws:
For none are like to do it ſooner
Than thoſe who're niceſt of their honour:
The other, for baſe gain and pay,
Forſwear and perjure by the day;
And make th'expoſing and retailing
Their ſouls and conſciences, a calling.
It is no ſcandal, nor aſperſion,
Upon a great and noble perſon,
To ſay he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th'old-faſhion'd trick, to keep his word;
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs and ſhame
In meaner men to do the ſame:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more uſeful to the great,
Than gout, or deafneſs, or bad eyes,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.

But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears;
It is not juſt that does exempt
The guilty, and puniſh th'innocent:
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th'ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is foreſworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you ſhould, as you deſign,
By courſe of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little honour by't.
For he that for his lady's ſake,
Lays down his life or limbs at ſtake,
Does not ſo much deſerve her favour
As he that pawns his ſoul to have her.
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although ye now diſdain to own;
But ſentence what you rather ought
T'eſteem good ſervice, than a fault.
" Beſides, oaths are not bound to bear
" That lit'ral ſenſe the words infer;
" But, by the practice of the age,
" Are to be judg'd how far th'engage,
" And where the ſenſe by cuſtom's check'd,
" Are found void, and of none effect.
" For no man takes or keeps a vow,
" But juſt as he ſees others do;
" Nor are th'oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
" As not to yield and bow a little;
" For as beſt-temper'd blades are found,
" Before they break, to bend quite round;

" So trueſt oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
" And though they bow are breaking proof."
Then wherefore ſhould they not b'allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conqueſt, ſo ſhould love's;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails;
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other pow'r alive?
Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the ſubject of a caſe?
The fundamental law of nature
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of its cauſe
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preſervative,
That keeps all ſouls of things alive;
Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature, that reſtores,
As faſt as time and death devours;
To whoſe free gift the world does owe,
Not only earth, but heav'n too:
For love's the only trade that's driv'n,
The intereſt of ſtate in heav'n,
Which nothing but the ſoul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but love,
To repreſent the joys above?

Or who, but lovers, can converſe,
Like angels, by the eye-diſcourſe?
Addreſs and compliment by viſion,
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As theſe celeſtial miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo great an end?
Or heav'n itſelf a ſin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was meant?
That merits, in a kind miſtake,
A pardon for th' offence's ſake.
Or if it did not, but the cauſe
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no ſenſe of love, or hate,
That have no paſſion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon;

113 *Or who, but lovers, can converſe,* &c.] Metaphyſicians are of opinion, that angels, and ſouls departed, being diveſted of all groſs matter, underſtand each other's ſentiments by intuition, and conſequently maintain a ſort of converſation without the organs of ſpeech.

121 *Or heav'n itſelf a ſin reſent,* &c.] In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven, therefore it ſhould not reſent it as a crime, to ſupply ſtore of inhabitants for it.

Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as ſtrict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire, and prerogative:
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon, than condemn.
Then ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why ſhould he who made addreſs
All humble ways, without ſucceſs,
And met with nothing in return,
But inſolence, affronts, and ſcorn,
Not ſtrive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a ſoldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
And after letting blood and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary ſcourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Inſulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invaſion of his beard;
And when your ſex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his guard:
When horſes, being ſpurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why ſhould you, whoſe mother-wits
Are furniſh'd with all perquiſites;

That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nurſing babies, that lie in;
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully ſex, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Againſt your ſtratagems t' oppoſe,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down;
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye:
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into ambuſhes:
As pirates all falſe colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to ſurpriſe us, ſpread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Diſplay them thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raiſe more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers leſs ſubtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thankſgiving beard:

173 *You wound, like Parthians, while you fly*, &c.] Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Perſia: They were excellent horſemen, and very exquiſite at their bows; and it is reported of them, that they generally ſlew more upon their retreat, than they did in the engagement.

188 *Than Philip Nye's thankſgiving beard*] One of

Prepoſt'rouſly t' entice, and gain
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain?
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he's brave,
T'his miſtreſs, but the more a ſlave;
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t'obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures, he would elſe forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withſtand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when neceſſity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjuſt or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of love, our great ally, and yours,
Join'd forces not to be withſtood
By frail enamour'd fleſh and blood;
All I have done, unjuſt or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are thoſe ſcandals I confeſs'd,
Againſt my will and intereſt,
More than is daily done of courſe,
By all men, when they're under force.

the aſſembly of divines, very remarkable for the ſingularity of his beard.

Whence ſome, upon the rack, confeſs
What th' hangman and their prompters pleaſe;
But are no ſooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confeſſor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleaſure
To hear, or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The firſt that on th' adventure went:
All mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what romance can ſhew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not ſteer a nearer courſe,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at firſt was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did infant Rome,
By raviſhing of women, come?

237 *To what a heighth did infant Rome*, &c.] When Romulus had built Rome, he made it an aſylum, or place of refuge, for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to; by which means it ſoon came to be very populous: But when he began to conſider, that without propagation it would ſoon be deſtitute of inhabitants, he invented ſeveral fine ſhows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours

When men upon their ſpouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er forſwore themſelves, nor ly'd,
Nor in the mind they were in, dy'd:
Nor took the pains t'addreſs and ſue,
Nor play'd the maſquerade to woo:
Diſdain'd to ſtay for friends conſents,
Nor juggled about ſettlements;
Did need no licence, nor no prieſt,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to aſſiſt;
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th'holy ſtate of matrimony,
Before they ſettled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death them parts:
Nor would endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very bride's good-will,
But took a wife and ſhorter courſe
To win the ladies, downright force;
And juſtly made 'em pris'ners then,
As they have often ſince, us men;
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckieſt of all love's intrigues.

to them; and when they had them ſecure, they raviſhed them; from whence proceeded ſo numerous an offſpring.

252 *Till alimony or death them parts*] Alimony is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her ſeparate maintenance upon living from her huſband. That and death are reckoned the only ſeparations in a married ſtate.

And, when they had them at their pleaſure,
Then talk'd of love and flames at leiſure;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deſerves, for ev'ry minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that beſt way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By ſuit, or treaty, to be won;
And ſuch as all poſterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women firſt were made for men,
Not men for them.-----It follows, then,
That men have right to ev'ry one,
And they no freedom of their own:
And therefore men have pow'r to chuſe,
But they no charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what courſe
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirecteſt way,
'Tis no injuſtice, nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you, for better or worſe;
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe.
For why ſhould ev'ry ſavage beaſt
Exceed his great lord's intereſt?
Have freer pow'r than he, in grace
And nature, o'er the creature has?
Becauſe the laws he ſince has made,
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;

Retrench'd the abſolute dominion
That nature gave him over women;
When all his pow'r will not extend
One law of nature to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to repel.
This, if men rightly underſtood
Their privilege, they would make good;
And not, like ſots, permit their wives
T' incroach on their prerogatives;
For which ſin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in ſlavery:
And this ſome precious gifted teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed leachers,
And diſobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make you ſuffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault.
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' inſtructions of my love.
Forgive me, fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much, at once to ſhew
Exceſs of love and temper too.
All I have ſaid that's bad, and true,
Was never meant to aim at you;
Who have ſo ſov'reign a controul
O'er that poor ſlave of yours, my ſoul,
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loſs of heaven too;
Both with an equal pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt:

But none like him, who's deſtin'd either
To have, or loſe you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe,)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I ſwore,
And expiate upon my ſkin
Th' arrears in full of all my ſin.
For 'tis but juſt that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your love.
The knight, peruſing this epiſtle,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his whiſtle;
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applauſe t' himſelf, twice over:
Subſcrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble diſtance, to his wit;
And dated it with wond'rous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart,
Then ſeal'd it with his coat of love,
A ſmoking faggot,——and above,
Upon a ſcroll,——*I burn and weep,*
And near it,——*For her ladyſhip,*
Of all her ſex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle hands preſent.
Then gave it to his faithful ſquire,
With leſſons how t'obſerve and eye her.
She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the letter.
But gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt her ſport,

She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile, and leering flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE LADY's ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beaſt, and turn'd to graſs,
Is no ſtrange news, nor ever was,
At leaſt to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your ſword and ſpurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That ſword, that did, like Fate, determine
The inevitable death of vermin;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows;
By Trulla was, in ſingle fight,
Diſarm'd, and wreſted from its knight,
Your heels degraded of your ſpurs,
And in the ſtocks cloſe priſoners:

Where ſtill they'd lain, in baſe reſtraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worſt of priſons;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot, though you would, forget;
When being free, you ſtrove t'evade
The oaths you had in priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd and juſtify'd it:
And when y'had falſely broke one vow,
Abſolv'd yourſelf by breaking two.
For while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Diſcourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears;
And doubting 'twas in vain to ſue,
You claim as boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only courſe;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, ſoul, or conſcience:
But ought to fall to that man's ſhare
That claims us for his proper ware.
Theſe are the motives, which, t'induce
Or fright us into love, you uſe.
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between ſoliciting and ranting;
Like ſturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But ſince you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,

As if we were but lawful prize
In war, between two enemies;
Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,
That would but ſue for, might recover;
It is not hard to underſtand
The myſt'ry of this bold demand;
That cannot at our perſons aim,
But ſomething capable of claim.
'Tis not thoſe paultry counterfeit
French ſtones, which in our eyes you ſet,
But our right diamonds, that inſpire
And ſet your am'rous hearts on fire:
Nor can thoſe falſe St Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fewel to your ſcorching flames;
But thoſe true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not thoſe orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with;
But thoſe we wear about our necks,
Produce thoſe amorous effects.
Nor is't thoſe threads of gold, our hair,
The perriwigs you make us wear;
But thoſe bright guineas in our cheſts,
That light the wildefire in your breaſts.
Theſe love-tricks I've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle by their tones,
Their myſtic cabals, and jargons;
Can tell what paſſions, by their ſounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;

What raptures fond and amorous
O' th' charms and graces of my houſe;
What ecſtaſy, and ſcorching flame,
Burns for my money, in my name;
What from th'unnatural deſire
To beaſts and cattle takes its fire;
What tender ſigh, and trickling tear,
Long for a thouſand pounds a-year;
And languiſhing tranſports are fond
Of ſtatute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
Theſe are th' attracts which moſt men fall
Enamour'd, at firſt ſight, withal;
To theſe th' addreſs with ſerenades,
And court with balls and maſquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Y'have ſuffer'd for their loves, in vain;
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To have, and t'hold, and to enjoy;
That all your oaths and labour loſt,
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the poſt.
'This is not meant to diſapprove
Your judgment in your choice of love;
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of mankind ſtudy't as an art;
For love ſhould, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land:
And where there's ſubſtance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and ſound
Than that which has the ſlighter baſis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
Which is of ſuch thin ſubtilty,
It ſteals and creeps in at the eye,

And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again, as nice a way.
But love, that its extraction owns
From ſolid gold, and precious ſtones,
Muſt, like its ſhining parents, prove
As ſolid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' expreſs
Our charms and graces, but by theſe:
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which, as philtres, love commands?
This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their childrens love;
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead.
Caſt earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have;
And when the ſettlement's in force,
Take all the reſt, for better or worſe:
For money has a pow'r above
The ſtars and fate, to manage love;
Whoſe arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miſs, are tipp'd with gold.
And though ſome ſay, the parents claims
To make love in their childrens names,
Who many times at once provide
The nurſe, the huſband, and the bride;

133 *Whoſe arrows learned poets hold*, &c.] The poets feign Cupid to have two ſorts of arrows, the one tipped with gold, the other with lead. The golden

Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo, and contract, in their names:
And as they chriſten, uſe to marry 'em,
And, like their goſſips, anſwer for 'em:
Is not to give in matrimony,
But ſell and proſtitute for money.
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do't for worſe than nothing:
And when th' are at their own diſpoſe,
With greater diſadvantage chuſe.
All this is right; but for the courſe
You take to do't, by fraud, or force,
'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than ſetters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow:
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand ſwear and lie,
For earneſt to their treachery:
And rather than a crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs;
Like thieves, who, after ſentence paſt,
Maintain their innocence to the laſt;

always inſpire and inflame love in the perſons he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmoſt averſion and hatred. With the firſt of theſe he ſhot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.

And when their crimes were made appear
As plain as witneſſes can ſwear;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confeſs'd
T' your ghoſtly father, as you gueſs'd,
So ſlight as to be juſtify'd,
By being, as ſhamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your word would paſs,
Point-blank, on both ſides of a caſe;
Or credit were not to be loſt,
B' a brave knight-errant of the poſt,
That eats perfidiouſly his word,
And ſwears his ears through a two-inch board:
Can own the ſame thing, and diſown,
And perjure booty, *pro* and *con:*
Can make the goſpel ſerve his turn,
And help him out to be foreſworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiſs'd,
To be betray'd, and ſold like Chriſt.
Theſe are the virtues, in whoſe name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In grace and nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no leſs will ſatisfy,
Than all the ſex, your tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern ſuch a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were Solomons,
And wiſe and great as he was once,

You'll find they're able to ſubdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done:
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach as how to uſe the ſlight.
For when we find y' are ſtill more taken
With falſe attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a roſe, and that a ſtone,
Like ſots, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in rhyme;
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces:
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own falſe jewels counterfeit:
For, by the practice of thoſe arts,
We gain a greater ſhare of hearts,
And thoſe deſerve in reaſon moſt,
That greateſt pains and ſtudy coſt:
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a preſent to be giv'n.
Nor are thoſe maſter-ſtrokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty;
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The ſimple natural excel.
How fair and ſweet the planted roſe,
Beyond the wild in hedges grows?
For, without art, the nobleſt ſeeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.

How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And poliſh'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without care.
The whole world, without art and dreſs,
Would be but one great wilderneſs;
And mankind but a ſavage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd.
This does but rough-hew, and deſign,
Leaves art to poliſh and refine.
Though women firſt were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man firſt turn'd tenant but for life;
If woman had not interven'd,
How ſoon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No voice?
Since all the privilege you boaſt,
And falſely uſurp'd, or vainly loſt,
Is now our right; to whoſe creation
You owe your happy reſtoration.
And if we had not weighty cauſe
To not appear in making laws,
We could, in ſpite of all your tricks,
And ſhallow, formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.
Hence 'tis that while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your high prerogative,

You baſely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourſelves our ſlaves;
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'reſts own,
Like ſots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In ord'ring you and your affairs:
When all your empire and command,
You have from us at ſecond hand:
As if a pilot, that appears
To ſit ſtill only while he ſteers,
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card nor ſtar,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In councils, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty Preſter John,
Whoſe perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd in cloſe diſguiſe
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a pow'r unſeen,
To govern him, as he does men:
And in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;

277 *While, like the mighty Preſter John*, &c.] Preſter John, an abſolute prince, emperor of Abyſſinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had ſeventy kings for his vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, that none durſt look upon him, without his permiſſion.

Or Joan de Pucel's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;

285 *Or Joan de Pucel's braver name*] Joan of Arc, called alſo *the Pucelle* or *Maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Damremi on the Meuſe, daughter of James d'Arc and Iſabella Romee, was bred up a ſhepherdeſs in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty, ſhe pretended to an expreſs commiſſion from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then beſieged by the Engliſh, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almoſt reduced to the laſt extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almoſt ruined. She knew that prince in the midſt of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity and members of parliament openly declared, that there was ſomething ſupernatural in her conduct. She ſent for a ſword which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forlois, upon the blade of which the croſs and flower-de-luces were ingraven; which put the King in a very great ſurpriſe, in regard none beſides himſelf knew of it. Upon this he ſent her with the command of ſome troops, with which ſhe relieved Orleans, and drove the Engliſh from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At laſt ſhe was unfortunately taken priſoner in a ſally at Champagne, 1430, and tried for a witch or ſorcereſs, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

Who, though a ſpinſter, yet was able
To ſerve France for a grand conſtable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cauſe;
Preſcribe all rules of right and wrong,
To th'long robe, and the longer tongue;
'Gainſt which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'rful eloquence.
We manage things of greateſt weight
In all the world's affairs of ſtate.
Are miniſters of war and peace,
That ſway all nations how we pleaſe.
We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O'th'ſpirits, in all conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that price, as what we ſell.
We rule in ev'ry public meeting
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magiſtrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing, but wear gowns.
We make the man of war ſtrike ſail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when h'has chac'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of ſtate,
Untimely rais'd, or magiſtrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us;

That, as he gives us cauſe to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increaſe,
Or waſte your fortunes how we pleaſe;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can diſpoſe alone,
Whether your heirs ſhall be your own,
To whoſe integrity you muſt,
In ſpite of all your caution, truſt;
And, 'leſs you fly beyond the ſeas,
Can fit you with what heirs we pleaſe;
And force you t'own'em, though begotten
By French valets or Iriſh footmen.
Nor can the rigorouſeſt courſe
Prevail unleſs to make us worſe;
Who ſtill the harſher we are us'd,
Are farther off from b'ing reduc'd;
And ſcorn t'abate, for any ills,
The leaſt punctilio's of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t'apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy;
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For when y'have try'd all ſort of ways,
What fools d'we make of you in plays;
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the ſword,
To fight our battles in our ſteeds,
And have your brains beat out o'your heads;
Encounter, in deſpite of nature,
And fight at once with fire and water,

With pirates, rocks, and ſtorms, and ſeas,
Our pride and vanity t'appeaſe;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and beſt thoughts;
To do your exerciſe for honour,
And have your brains beat out the ſooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And ſtill appear the more induſtrious,
The more your projects are prepoſt'rous;
To ſquare the circle of the arts,
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we ſee cauſe;
Be our ſolicitors and agents,
And ſtand for us in all engagements.
And theſe are all the mighty pow'rs
You vainly boaſt, to cry down ours;
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Becauſe yourſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's pride;
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd and ſubmit:
By your example, loſe that right
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight:
And terrify'd into an awe,
Paſs on ourſelves a Salique law:

378 *Paſs on ourſelves a Salique law.*] The Salique law is a law in France, whereby it is enacted, that no female ſhall inherit that crown,

Or, as ſome nations uſe, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race,
Let men uſurp th' unjuſt dominion,
As if they were the better women.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus-----

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your ſcull
As often as the moon's at full;
'Tis not amiſs, ere y'are giv'n o'er,
To try one deſp'rate med'cine more;
For where your caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is't poſſible, that you, whoſe ears
Are of the tribe of Iſſachar's,
And might, with equal reaſon, either
For merit, or extent of leather,

With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf againſt a noiſe
So roaring as the public voice?
That ſpeaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his part
T'a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
To cry green-haſtings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the ſound,)
And 'cauſe your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of nature;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much ignorance and beaſt,
That neither all mens ſcorn, and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome ſenſe and nurture;
But (like a reprobate) what courſe
Soever's us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no transfuſion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t'a bitch to nurſe,
To turn them into mungrel curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make yourſelf a better beaſt?

Can all your critical intrigues
Of trying ſound from rotten eggs;
Your ſev'ral new-found remedies
Of curing wounds and ſcabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected ſaps;
Recov'ring ſhankers, cryſtallines,
And nodes and botches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd chariots, draw
The boys to courſe you without law;
As if the art you have ſo long
Profeſs'd of making old dogs young,
In you, had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you that underſtand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Reſolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your brows;
All arts and ſciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your countenance;
And, with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt learning pry;
Know more of any trade b'a hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't;
And yet have no art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad naturals?

But ſtill, the more you ſtrive t'appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For fools are known by looking wiſe,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe y'have gain'd o'th' college
A quarter ſhare (at moſt) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Y'aſſume a pow'r as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and control,
As if you were the ſole Sir Poll;
And faucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, though y'have purchaſs'd to your name
In hiſtory ſo great a fame,
That now your talent's ſo well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That ev'ry ſtrange prodigious tale
Is meaſur'd by your German ſcale----
By which the virtuoſi try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your account:
That all thoſe ſtories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
And leſſer authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe:
And all your vain renown will ſpoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;

Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants, but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater eaſe than public ſcorn,
That all affronts do ſtill give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all impoſtors, when they're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone,
And all the beſt that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as ſoon
As once they're broke looſe from the moon,
And, proof againſt her influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little ſenſe,
To turn ſtark fools, and ſubjects fit
For ſport of boys, and rabble-wit.

THE END.

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